BULL, AUGUST 16, 193
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JOHN BULL

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No. 1261.
Vol. XLVIII.

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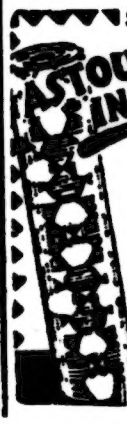

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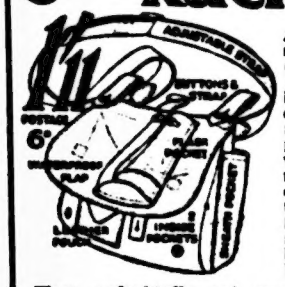

American Naval Rucksacks of waterproof Sail cloth, Size 14 in. x 11 in. Pockets for large thermos flask, cutlery; leather pouch and two spacious inside pockets. Outside flap which buttons over, making a compact carry-all. A self-contained luncheon, touring or camping outfit, and may be carried on back or attached to belt.

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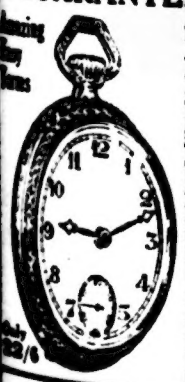

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Sold at FACTORY PRICES. Complete with Cossor Valves, ready for hearing-in, with Grand model Cabinet Cone or Horn-type Loud Speaker. Yours for only 5/- deposit. Nothing more to pay for a month. Purchase completed by easy monthly payments. ASTOUNDING RESULTS.

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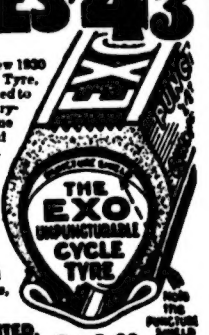

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MORE POSTAL BARGAIN OFFERS appear on PAGE 34

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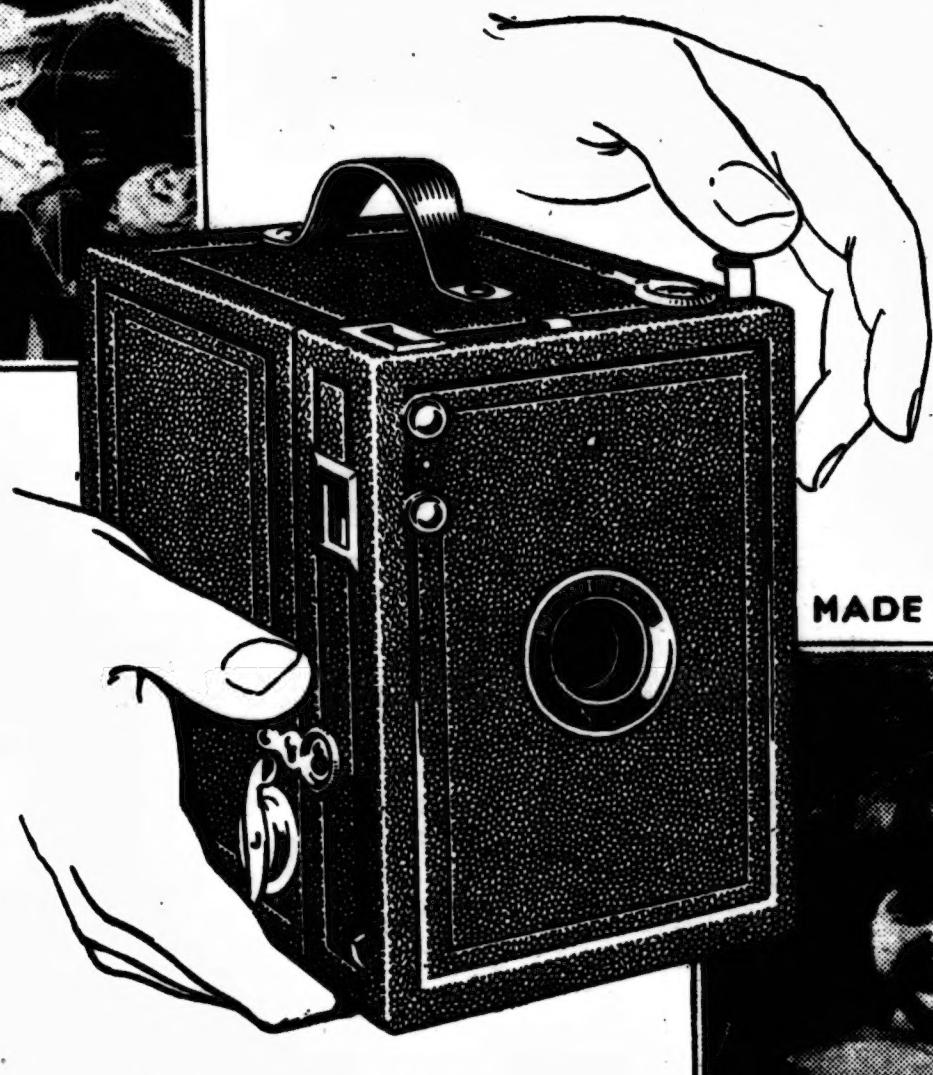

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 16, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THE seeds of war lie in the feverish rivalry between France and Italy for predominance in the Mediterranean.

Not to see this would be blindness; but what are our statesmen doing to prevent the threatened conflagration?

* * *

A few months ago France launched the *Surcouf*, a monster submarine aggregating 4,300 tons submerged, and carrying guns ranging to sixteen miles and fighting seaplanes. It can travel 12,000 miles without refuelling.

Italy's reply is the amazing "Condotterri" class of light cruisers, capable of the terrific speed of nearly 40 knots, notwithstanding their heavy armour.

And so it goes on—unchecked.

Leave it to "Uncle"

There is a tendency to exaggerate Labour Party differences, and the situation during the last session was looked at by many critics through the wrong end of the telescope.

Sniping at leaders will continue when Parliament reassembles, but anyone wanting on a serious disruptive move will be disappointed.

In this matter the influence of "Uncle" Arthur Henderson is a preeminant force. His astonishing success as chief organiser has sprung mainly from his capacity to run an unruly team in multiple harness.

That is why he has been left to deal with the left-wing "rebels."

Ramsay's rise

Between now and the reassembling of Parliament a three-Party arrangement will be made to give effect to the recent recommendation to raise the Prime Minister's salary to £7,000.

It is anticipated that the increase will date from January 1, and not from after the next General Election, as was originally intended.

Paper scrap coming?

Negotiations now in hand between the American, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and the owners of one of our old-established daily papers look like ending in a transfer of control.

We don't like Hearst, but we have to admit his vast energy and ability. His entry into the ring would precipitate a rare championship bout with the Press barons

Where the money goes

We hope the City will receive with caution the German attempts now being made behind the scenes to raise another big loan in London.

A short time ago the British public were asked to subscribe millions to the Reparations Loan (now standing at a heavy discount) to help Germany pay her debts.

Since then the German Government has found money enough to lend huge sums to Russia in return for business orders.

The latest German coup is a £2,000,000 credit to Turkey, in return for which German industrialists are to get orders totalling no less than £12,500,000.

That graft charge

A good deal more will be heard about the bribery charges against M.P.s.

The War Dogs Growling

Germany's City Intrigue

Press Secrets Out

One Member has been going about boasting that he has a letter specifying the names of three guilty Parliamentarians, complete with details of the amounts for which they were "squared."

A big section of the House is extremely dissatisfied with the way the Committee of Privileges left things. An exhaustive investigation of all charges is demanded, so that Members may be cleared of suspicion, or the offenders dealt with.

Airman chairman?

Air-Marshal Sir John Higgins is leaving the R.A.F. to join a private aircraft firm. The appointment provides striking evidence of the present growth and prosperity of the British aircraft industry.

Sir John is a remarkable man. He

"A remarkable man"

has ability amounting to genius, and for years has been the technical brain of the R.A.F.

The Air Ministry's loss will certainly be the aircraft industry's gain.

The soft answer that . . .

Mr. Peter Freeman, chairman of the Parliamentary Kindness to Animals Group, has continued to demand that poison-gas experiments that are cruel to animals should be discontinued.

And Mr. Tom Shaw replies that, as a result of the experiments, the scientists have discovered a treatment which will cure gas-poisoning in human beings.

We hardly expected such cynicism from Mr. Shaw.

Pep

Not long ago R.M.S. *Arcadian* left New York carrying the biggest crowd of commercial travellers in wireless ever mustered on shipboard.

And the result: £13,000,000 worth of orders for radio sets, and employment of thousands of American workmen for many months to come.

This sort of intensive campaign is the way to get business. Britain could just as readily have bagged these orders.

Pulp and principle

We are able to disclose the amazing fact that official British representations were largely instrumental in overcoming the American ban on Soviet pulpwood, which created a sensation a fortnight ago.

This action was taken by the Foreign Office on the ground that British ships were concerned in the transport of this timber.

Pulp for newsprint, by the way, of which there is an inexhaustible supply to be had from Russia, has much to do with the antagonism to that country of Press peers who own pulp-mills elsewhere.

"Counter" offensives

The development of the great provision trade combine will put the co-operative movement to the severest test in its history.

Intense competition is anticipated, and for some time past the "co-ops." have been debating rationalisation, including the merging of societies which overlap.

The menace of the new rivalry is fully realised, but whether this will be reflected in vigorous counter-action remains to be seen.

Rail riddles

There are going to be many more dismissals of railway shopmen before the year is out. Faced with huge decreases in traffic, the companies are turning in this direction to effect economies.

Shopmen, unlike the majority of railwaymen, do not enjoy a guaranteed week; they are, therefore, the most vulnerable class, and short time and dismissals are hitting them badly.

Incidentally, while the companies are endeavouring to avoid a general reduction of railwaymen's wages at the end of the year, the men themselves are preparing proposals for an increase.

It is all very difficult for everybody concerned.

A new Spanish custom

Spain is feverishly anxious these days to consolidate the friendship with this country.

To attract British capital to its country, still sadly undeveloped, the Spanish Government is considering a huge publicity scheme.

This will probably be launched within the next few months, and a special effort will be made to induce British manufacturers personally to visit Spain.

The lie-killer

Sir John Simon, lately chairman of the fateful Indian Commission, will take advantage of his visit to the United States to tell the American people the hard and truthful facts about British rule in India.

"Determined to nail each lie"

Mischievous propaganda and ill-informed comment have combined to give Uncle Sam's subjects a totally false impression of the situation.

The nonsense which is being talked and written by irresponsibles in the States is greatly damaging British prestige there.

Sir John is determined to nail down each and every lie.

More lies

We hope also that Mr. Henderson, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has lodged a suitable protest against the Indian play, "Gandhi's March to the Salt Lakes," which is being broadcast in Germany.

It is a scurrilous piece of propaganda against British rule in India, in which both the Viceroy and Mr. MacDonald are ridiculed and slandered.

For the widows

More good news for widows may be found in the King's Speech with which Parliament will be reopened in the autumn.

Miss Susan Lawrence has collected evidence proving that there are many deserving "border-line" cases which have not been remedied by the Pensions Act of last year, and a short, simple Bill to rectify this may be introduced.

White cargo

We have already called attention to the alarming prevalence of tuberculosis in the Navy. In the Merchant Service it is even worse.

* * *

A report published recently by the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen states that the mortality rate in the Service is 48 per cent. above the average.

Insanitary accommodation on shipboard is to blame, and the Board of Trade should co-operate with the Ministry of Health in stamping out the evil.

Too Little Amy

We are all for Amy Johnson; but her homecoming should not have been turned into a publicity stunt for the glorification of a newspaper.

Sir John Reith did not exhibit his usual astuteness in detecting camouflaged advertising matter when he passed the broadcast speech which the girl flyer was induced to read.

Thousands of those who listened to Amy on the wireless were amazed to hear only a long paean of homage to the paper which exploited the flight.

"IF YOU SEE IT"—*Continued*

The "Wallflower"

A master, officers and crew are required for a large British steamer, but preference, states the advertisement, will be given to members of a certain Christian organisation.

This is a new one to us. We can only say that the sailorman who takes the pledge not to smoke, drink, chew or give vent to his feelings as occasion arises is neither use nor ornament on board a Baltic schooner or a battleship.

The *Mayflower* sailed long years ago. This must be the *Wallflower*.

The Big Five

Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, Secretary for Mines, is on the look out for five "first-class brains," five men capable of earning big money for doing a big job.

Looking for first-class brains

These Big Five will constitute the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission, and their task will be to initiate schemes of amalgamation wherever an economic advantage can be gained.

The coal-owners are already saying hard things about the commission, but actually they have little cause of complaint.

They will have every encouragement to bring about amalgamations voluntarily; the commissioners will intervene only where owners obstinately refuse to help themselves.

A woman war victim

We suggest that some consideration should be given to the case of Miss Rose McKenna, of 80, James Street, Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

She was employed during the war on canteen work, and finally for eleven months in the cordite factory at Gretna Green. There she was badly injured in an air-raid, and has since been almost a complete cripple.

Yet she has received no compensation, and is depending on parish relief.

We want to know why. Is this the way to treat a war heroine?

Is it too late?

Social workers in the coalfields believe that the closing-down of the Miners' Distress Fund was a colossal blunder, for which thousands of mothers and children will pay a heavy price when winter sets in.

The percentage of unemployment is higher than last year, and although experts are hopeful that the industry will be able to absorb more men when the seasonal coal demand begins, they are unanimous in declaring that there will be more workless this coming winter than last.

Is it too late to resuscitate the fund, which can at least mitigate the miseries of the poverty-ridden valleys?

Tiresome, but triumphant

At the risk of wearying our readers, we have made repeated reference to the scandal of high litigation costs which debar people of limited means from obtaining justice.

* * *

Now comes the news that the Lord Chancellor is to receive a deputation from the London Chamber of Commerce in connection with a memorandum suggesting various means whereby litigation may be rendered cheaper, speedier and more efficient.

The interest in this move is world-wide, and copies of the memorandum have been asked for by Australia, Germany and the United States.

Sky larks

The crew of *R100* have to buy their own uniforms, because, says Mr. Montague, Under-Secretary for Air, they are civilians.

At the same time, he adds, the caps and badges which they wear are issued at public expense.

It is all very mysterious. If they are entitled to caps and badges, why not to uniforms? And if not to uniforms, why to caps and badges?

Well, well.

Good for Hull!

This is one up for Hull. The council has decided that prisoners who are expectant mothers shall be removed to a maternity home.

Good luck to the City Fathers! Henceforth no Hull baby will have the prison stigma on its swaddling-clothes.

Iron-ic

We should like to know why the Stanton Ironworks Company stopped supplies of coal to G. W. Bayliss, of Ash Vale, Tuxford, Newark.

The reason given is that he was not "observing the customary merchant's margin of profit."

But, since he was taking from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a ton, we find it difficult to believe that the colliery would make that a consideration.

Or does it want every coal-dealer to be a profiteer?

Passed to you, please

The Ministry of Pensions' annual stationery bill must be a long one if it is proportionate to the address printed on its innumerable forms and letter-heads:

The Secretary,
Ministry of Pensions,
——— Branch,
Sanctuary Buildings,
18, Great Smith Street,
Westminster,
London, S.W.1.

We could give Mr. Roberts, the Minister of Pensions, valuable tips on how to cut down printing expenses. Our address, should he care to apply to us, is: JOHN BULL, London.

Sensible

In Newcastle-on-Tyne, when motorists leave their cars too long unattended in the main streets, tags are left on the vehicles as a warning for the future. They also give details of the city's parking-places.

This is proving a boon that might be emulated on a wide scale elsewhere.

Newcastle has found that not only are its streets more free from stationary cars, but time is saved to police, magistrates and offenders.

Can it be true?

It may or may not put hope in the heart of Northampton to know that the United States Tariff Commission proposes to stage an enquiry into the new American duty laid on imported shoes.

Britain exported 382,442 pairs to America last year, but the duty is said to be laid against the 6,000,000 pairs of cheaper footwear sent in by other countries.

We cannot see America making any discrimination on behalf of British goods, but we never know

A straight tip

Counterfeit half-crowns are again in extensive circulation, particularly in the glaring light of the greyhound racecourses, in which it is difficult to detect them.

The punter or bookmaker who produces an over-abundant supply of half-crowns from his pocket is a man to be watched, as many are now realising.

So when money changes hands at the "dogs," don't only count it. Look at it as well.

Walls have tears

It seems necessary to state that a house purchased from a builder who has received a State subsidy is not guaranteed in any way. This sounds absurd; but it is so.

A King's Lynn reader found, three years after purchase, that the floor of the hall was rotten, and has had to repair it at his own expense. The Ministry of Health will take no responsibility. Neither will the King's Lynn Corporation.

It is always the private citizen who gets a poor deal.

Rent profiteers

The chief problem which the Departmental Committee on the Rents Act will investigate is that of decontrolled houses.

When a working-class house becomes empty it automatically becomes decontrolled, and in letting it to a new tenant the landlord can charge what he pleases.

* * *

It is no uncommon thing, as JOHN BULL has already pointed out, to find two adjoining houses in the same street, both providing the same accommodation, where the rent in one case is twice that in the other.

This may be business; but we have another name for it.

"Work-shys"—and why

A firm of high-class jewellers, with branches in most of our big cities, advertised recently for a manager to take charge of an important Northern establishment.

On applying for the post a professional wireless man, with eleven years' practical experience behind him, was informed that he would have absolute charge of the branch. His dress, they insisted, must always be above reproach.

It sounded good—until he was told the salary. Thirty-five shillings a week! And no commission on sales and no chances of promotion.

Their first holiday

The holiday period this year will be memorable for many, as it has brought them the first real rest free from financial anxiety they have had in their lives.

On one week-end alone over 100,000 workers in the garment industry received pay-envelopes under the recent agreement between employers and the union whereby payment is granted for holiday time. One firm alone paid out £5,000.

This is progress; but the country cannot congratulate itself until every worker in the land can enjoy an annual holiday without having to go on short-commons for months beforehand in order to meet expenses.

A pill for doctors

Practitioners of osteopathy in this country are having a hard fight to secure recognition and legal status, but they are making headway.

His daughter knows

Just before the vacation Mr. W. M. Adamson, whose own daughter was benefited by their treatment, presented a petition to Parliament on their behalf. The 15,000 signatories included many celebrities.

It was urged that a Government Bill should be passed to give recognition to the osteopaths, but as the Ministry of Health, at the behest of the medical profession, still frowns on them, such a Bill is unlikely.

* * *

In this event a private measure will be introduced in the autumn session, and it is certain to have the backing of a big section of the House.

Not good enough

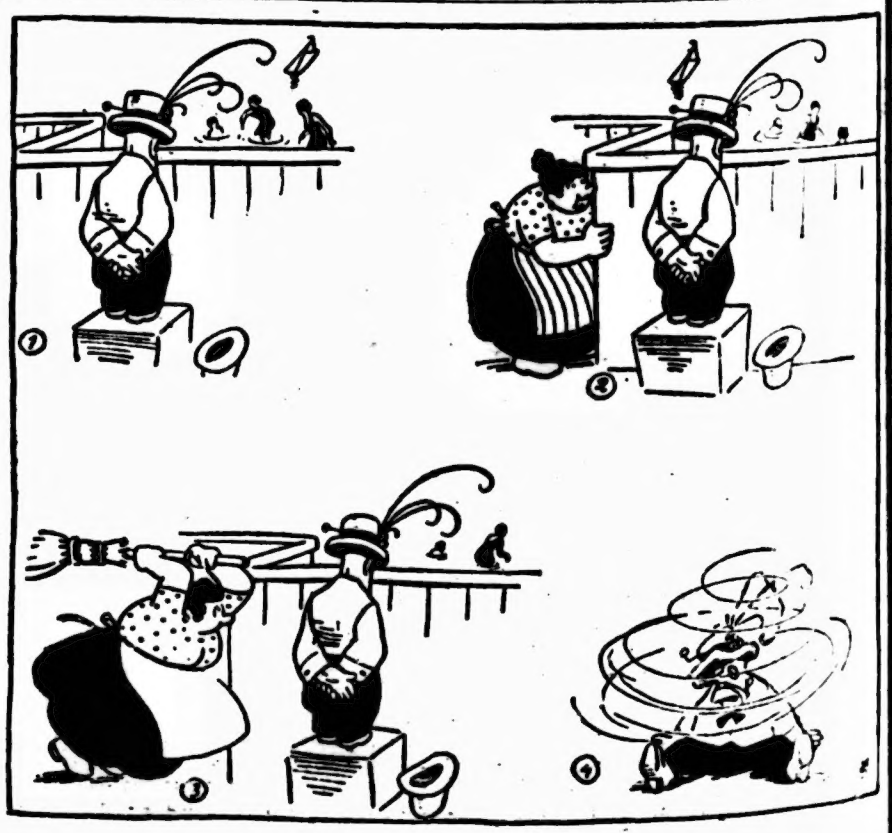
Co-operative nursing institutions are a boon both to the public and the medical profession. But there is a fly in the surgical ointment.

The nurses get good cases which pay well—eventually—generally not until the institutions sending them out are paid by the patients, and patients are dilatory.

We know of cases where nurses have had to borrow their fare to get back to London. In another instance, a nurse had to sell a good winter coat for a song in order to get across London.

A better system should be arranged so that these women, whose whole life is one of self-sacrifice, and who live on a mere pittance, should not be so scandalously victimised.

ADAMSON—*—and Eve*



A BIG HOAX on BUSINESS

by ANGUS WATSON, J.P.,

founder of the famous firm which bears his name

I RECENTLY gave up business because I abhorred the present-day attitude towards commercial mechanisation. I saw in it the greatest peril to our future national happiness and progress.

Great Britain is at the parting of the ways: her acceptance of the soul-destroying mass-production methods of America will have reactions which we cannot estimate. They will turn our craftsmen into machines and defeat the very object for which they are advocated.

Mass-production methods are hated most by those who know them best.

It is stated that the goal of rationalisation is to co-ordinate industrial enterprise with the object of modernising plants that are obsolete, systematising manufacture and sales, applying scientific research for the improvement of technique and the eliminating of wasteful competition by friendly co-operation.

In theory this project is admirable, and no criticism of it can be offered. But in practice the results obtained are sometimes quite different from the objects aimed at.

One of the results of the post-war period has been a replacement in commerce of the industrialist by the financier. It is interesting to note what the latter's contribution is.

He is not a creator, but an *inflator* of wealth. Commonly, his policy is to purchase a group of enterprises which have behind them a history of progress and profit, recapitalise these ventures by transferring the reserves to capital and by writing up the ordinary shares to prices at which they can be sold at a profit.

By this simple method he inflates the assets of the venture, perhaps by 100 per cent., takes the lion's share as his profit, and then leaves the enterprise to the tender mercies of his nominated satellites.

He has contributed nothing to the prosperity of the concern. He has merely made it necessary for someone else to increase greatly the earnings of the group to maintain its old profits, or, alternatively, to reduce the dividends which were originally paid.

Reckoning to come

SOME of the great trusts carry on this method as a regular part of their development, and by buying a business at one price and selling it to their group at a higher price show paper profits which were never earned.

This mode of so-called rationalisation has been general since the war, and the reckoning is bound to come sooner or later.

Let us see what the task of industry is. The industrialist must accept one of at least two of the interpretations of his responsibility.

The first is to regard it as an obligation to provide the largest possible profits out of his venture, and in this way return steadily increasing dividends to his investors.

The other is to regard it as a primary obligation to give service to the community in which both Capital and Labour are entitled to equal consideration.

What are the claims that Labour can fairly make on industry?

They are regular and continuous employment, a fair remuneration for work done, and some kind of stake in the enterprise itself.

Continuity of employment, of course, is dependent on continuity of good trade, and that, again, is governed by factors quite beyond the control of the individual employer.

We have recently seen how the collapse of the speculative share-gambling in the United States has had its reaction on British trade, and how the over-production of manufactured goods throughout the world is now creating temporary unemployment for two million of our fellow-citizens.

The ideal position under which every man willing to work can permanently find steady employment is at present beyond our grasp, but methods can be adopted which will avoid the harsh reactions of temporary slack trade or the sudden expansion of a growing business.

I think the simplest method of dealing with this is to avoid, as far as is possible, a temporary increase of staff until the employer is satisfied that this is likely to be permanent, or the temporary reduction of staff in periods of slackness.

There should be, first of all, a period of overtime as an alternative to engaging further staff when business is good, and then after this has been continued for a month or two the engagement of temporary workers, who are not transferred to the permanent staff until there is a reasonable chance of them being offered permanent work.

Real wisdom

THIS method, of course, does nothing to help forward a solution to the problem of national unemployment; it only provides a certain sense of security for the employees connected with the individual business and an encouragement to put forward their best effort.

The question of remuneration for other than executive labour is largely controlled by the trades unions or by the Trades Boards Acts.

A business which is well managed, however, and where every item of waste is, as far as possible, eliminated, can generally afford to pay a slightly higher scale to the employee than that fixed by nationally accepted rates.

This scale should either be paid in the shape of time allowed for a periodic holiday or by the establishment of benefits which will be available, apart from health insurance, for employees laid aside through illness.

A wise business man will gradually build up a reserve fund for this purpose, so that employees who are needing either special surgical, medical or convalescent treatment may have it without cost to themselves.

The creation of a formidable machine by rationalisation must inevitably become impersonal. It is too big to be handled wisely by any one individual.

By removing the spur of free competition, rationalisation gradually creates a virtual monopoly, and has a strong temptation to exploit the public which it is supposed to serve.

If Safeguarding is added to its weapons, it becomes virtually omnipotent, and can dictate its terms to the unwilling buyer.

In my view, it cannot even secure what it claims for itself—a reduction in price to the eventual buyer of the product which it sells.

An invitation

IT would be interesting to examine carefully the prices and quality made by the various combines, and to compare these with the same products made by companies outside of their influence.

I believe that, in the greater number of cases, it would be found that, when all the conditions of work were considered, they offer nothing either in price or quality which the small producer is not equally able to provide.

The only thing that is secured as a result of merciless administration are larger dividends to begin with and then increased paper capital appreciation and increased unemployment.

I have no hesitation in inviting Lord Melchett or any other of the high priests of rationalisation to name any product, which is not a patent or covered by a monopoly or a secret process, which is being produced under more favourable conditions, or at a lower price, by a trust than the same article produced by private enterprise.

In the coal trade, of which I have somewhat intimate knowledge, rationalisation has been an unmixed evil, and none of the results which have been obtained by the various mergers therein formed have enabled them to produce coal at a lower cost than has been possible by efficient and properly equipped, personally controlled collieries.

The difficulties of this problem have, of course, been intensified by State interference.

To make any reference to our joint-stock bank system is like laying one's hands on the Ark.

Largely a fetish

HOW can we quarrel with a banking development that has created our five great joint-stock banks and has secured for the fortunate shareholders in these enterprises a dividend which has consistently fluctuated between 12½ and 20 per cent. per annum?

It would be interesting to learn, however, whether the chairmen of these great organisations consider the industry as a whole has benefited by these great mergers.

The question that we shall have to decide is whether its advantages outweigh its drawbacks, and whether it will be a final mode of industrial development in the future.

If I were a Socialist, I would welcome rationalisation as another step on the road to State Socialism, for obviously the larger the trust the greater the ease with which the State can absorb it.

But I am not a Socialist. All that Socialism stands for is repugnant to me, because it inevitably destroys the liberty of the individual—his most priceless possession.

Rationalisation is, to me, largely a fetish. The great trust may appear to be the more effective medium, but it can only secure this result at the price of the destruction of all that is finest and best in our national life, and by a gradual evolution—if not revolution—towards the time when the State will be forced to step in, in a desperate endeavour to control the Colossus which may otherwise destroy us.

And Then Home, PRINCE!

Waterways Work Wonders—Blood and Oil Gland of Hope and Glory

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James' Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—You are a busy young man. Off you will go again in the spring to Brazil and the Argentine. And the good wishes of all your father's subjects will go with you.

Your function of unofficial ambassador is an important one, and you have done much, and will do more, to establish and maintain friendly relations between Britain and other countries.

But I hope and feel sure that another side of your work will not be neglected, and that you will once again "visit" Britain.

Your last tour of this country—during the coal-strike—was of inestimable value. And I want to know what you think of the country now, with its two million of unemployed.

For you have a clear eye, a feeling heart, and a fearless mind.

JOHN BULL.

Com. Sir DENNISTOUN BURNEY,
20, Carlton House Terrace, London

DEAR SIR,—Your scheme for a fleet of airships to maintain a regular service between England and North America is a bold one, and I wish you all success.

But, for heaven's sake, don't ask for any more subsidies. You've had quite enough of that.

If your scheme is a sound one surely you will be able to float on a commercial basis. But the public don't mean to provide you with an *experimental* fleet costing millions.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman JOHN MINNS,
Carlisle

DEAR ALDERMAN,—I am heartily in favour of your plan for the construction of a canal between the Tyne and the Solway.

Although the trade between these centres is rapidly increasing, there is a lack of adequate direct means of goods-transit between them.

It is clear that such a canal constructed for motor-barges would lead not merely to intensive local trading between Newcastle and Carlisle, but to these towns becoming greater centres for Canadian and Irish cattle, as well as depots for Irish and Scottish produce.

Above all, this waterway would be free of the imposts of the rail, and would provide an example for the rest of England.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Bench of Magistrates, Brentford

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—It was wise and merciful of you not to deport Pilip Robin, a twenty-three-year-old Russian, who was charged before you with having landed without a permit.

He knows no English, except "England is a good country." Well, I hope he is right. But he is certainly convinced that Russia is not a good country, and it is plain that it would not be good for Pilip.

Since we sheltered the victims of the Tsar, we ought to shelter the victims of the Soviet. JOHN BULL.

Dr. ALFRED COX, M.B.,
Medical Secretary, British Medical Association

DEAR DOCTOR,—In discussing the problem of maternal mortality, you miss the real point. You realise the difficulties of giving medical students adequate training in midwifery.

But you *have* a class of practitioner who is adequately trained. I mean the women who hold the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board.

They are fully competent to deal with all but the quite abnormal birth; and that needs a specialist.

We need more C.M.B. women to have charge of all maternity cases, with reference in emergencies to obstretric surgeons.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MICHAEL LANGLEY,
Wombourne Vicarage, Wolverhampton

DEAR MICHAEL,—For a lad of eighteen, it was certainly an adventure to make the journey to the Cape Verde Islands and back as a stowaway.

But whereas you, student and the son of a vicar, have had nothing but fun, British workmen, unable to secure jobs in the United States and Australia, who stow away in order to escape starvation, are welcomed over here with fines and imprisonment.

Only a few days ago, another boy, John Dempsey, was sentenced at Liverpool to twenty-one days' hard labour for stowing away on the *Laconia*.

Does this not suggest to you that we aren't as democratic as we might be?

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATION

The Hon. JOSHUA HINCHCLIFFE,
Minister of Education, British Columbia

DEAR SIR,—I like you. You have scrapped Canadian school-books saturated with Yankee influence and propaganda, and ordered new ones containing problems like these:

"The British airmen Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic on June 15, 1919. The American airman Lindberg flew the Atlantic on May 21, 1927. State how many years and days the American crossed the Atlantic after the British."

That's the stuff to give the kids!

JOHN BULL.

Dr. FREDERICK W. ALEXANDER,
Ferry Road, Teddington, Middlesex

DEAR DOCTOR,—You warn us against the dangers of over-indulgence in smoking in a manner that makes my blood run cold; but it is heartening to learn from you that tobacco-smoke is so powerfully germicidal that it will kill the cholera vibrio and the bacilli of pneumonia, and that those who indulged freely in it escaped most wonderfully the dire contagion of the Great Plague.

Have a cigar! JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS MACINTOSH SCOTLAND,
H.M. Prison, Glasgow

SIR,—You are a conscienceless rogue. But at least I must congratulate you on having plumbed the depth of human credulity.

It took exceptional nerve and plausibility to persuade anybody outside of a lunatic asylum that by holding one of your bottles labelled "Ray Attraction" in the hand for half an hour, night and morning, almost any disease could be cured.

The bottles contained nothing but water, and you sold them for two guineas a piece. Wonderful man!

The Glasgow Sheriff Court has s[ent] you to prison for two months. S[o] shall expect to hear of you again [in] October.

But perhaps then you will be kn[own] as Thomas Burberry England!

JOHN BU[LL.]

Mrs. M. G. ADAMS,
Lecturer on Biology, Cambridge Uni[versity]

DEAR MADAM,—You biologists sometimes talk some precious [non]sense. But I have never heard su[ch] nonsense as your statement th[at] "heroes are simply people with e[n]larged adrenal glands."

All men are cowards, but some m[en] conquer their fear; those men a[re] heroes. The flesh and the glands a[re] weak, but the spirit is willing.

It's the spirit that counts, my de[ar] madam. JOHN BU[LL.]

STRAIGHT *from the Shoul[der]*

LORD LONDONDERRY: "Socialists w[ill] never be competent to deal w[ith] national and imperial affairs until th[ey] are purged of their class-consciou[s]ness."

It is like your lordship's cheek to t[alk] of class-consciousness.

* * *

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA: "If Liberal[ism] is to survive, it must stand equidista[nt] from Socialism and Toryism."

Between two stools—you know t[he] rest.

* * *

RECORDER OF MANCHESTER: "Pris[on] is no use as a reforming agency."

Hell never yet saved a soul.

* * *

MR. VANCE PALMER: "It would be [a] good thing for every country to ha[ve] its desert—a place for meditation a[nd] fasting."

Well, we have our slums.

Not from the B.B.C.—The Marquis of Lothian Presents—

UTOPIA *on* EASY TERMS

WHEN I became a Marquis,
Not so very long ago,
The world assumed a brighter hue,
And now the skies are always blue—
The more so since I know
That all the things that make life fair
Are shared by others ev'rywhere.

When from my Abbey, near Dalkeith,
Or else from Blickling Hall,
I contemplate my acres broad,
I muse: Although some can't afford
A private landscape, all
The joys that now are mine are free
To others—in some slight degree.

My own enjoyment it would spoil
If this were not the case;
But, things being ordered as they are,
There's nothing my delight to mar!
An awf'ly jolly place
I find the world! So why be sad
When there's so much to make *me* glad?

Of course, I know that there are certain matters which might be improved. But, "The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings"—or peers of the realm.

I have not myself been a peer of the realm for long. Until recently I was plain Philip Kerr, and now I am Marquis of Lothian, with three country seats and 32,400 acres.

Admittedly, my present situation may have influenced me in forming the opinion that, apart from the scandalously high level of taxation, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. And I cannot understand why everybody does not share this opinion.

As I pointed out to the I.L.P. Summer School, practically all the pleasures of the rich are available to the ordinary wage-earner. It is true that the rich man can have his Rolls-Royce, but the small man can have his Austin Seven.

Since then various people ha[ve] written asking me how many co[al] miners and mill-workers are the own[ers] of Austin Sevens. I regret that I [am] unable to supply the precise figur[es]. But this does not affect the general tru[th] of my argument.

One of the causes of our present troubles is that half the community spends its time deriding or envying capitalists. But the truth is that we are all capitalists nowadays—though some of us, admittedly, rather more than others.

Recognition of this fact should, however, convince you of the truth of my statement that "The poor man can have the same kind of pleasure as the rich except in degree and quantity."

Some may possess three houses; others one;
While others (most regrettably) have none;
Some are lean and others fatter;
But it's only just a matter
Of quantity, when all is said and done.

The difference 'twixt wealth and poverty
Is but the difference of £ from d:
So the distance separating
You from pleasures that are waiting
Is a microscopic matter of degree!

Wanted—a MOSES

by A. G. Gardiner

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN, give us a man!" was the prayer of the North when for two years the American union seemed as though it would be wrecked for lack of leadership. A similar cry is in the heart of this country to-day.

Our need of brains was never greater. The aftermath of the war has left us with problems and perils more vast than any encountered in history.

The whole structure of things is in disintegration, and the world of thought and action is being reshaped.

Principles and methods that had seemed invulnerable are challenged and shaken. Trade is flowing into new channels.

Science and production, stimulated by the fierce necessities of the war, have changed the machine of life and quickened its pace to the speed of the aeroplane and the miracle of wireless. Morals and conduct have been revolutionised.

Political Parties have fallen into disruption, and religions and institutions that the past accepted without question are called upon, like a motorist, to produce their licence and show their authority.

Where's that leader?

A spirit of harsh realism is abroad, and we will take nothing on trust.

We are in the midst of one of the great transitions of history, and the untravelled Canaan of the future gleams before us for our possession.

But in the adventure we need a Moses. And it is the Moses strain that is lacking.

In business, in statesmanship, in literature, in art, in the Churches, even in sport and games, the experience is the same. We have plenty of second-rate brains, but we have lost the great breed that can inspire and lead us to great action.

Politics were never so impoverished of men of distinction. There is no outstanding figure in the public life of the country that both commands the respect and touches the imagination of the people as Gladstone or Disraeli or Salisbury did in the past, and it is because of this want of leadership that the political Parties are falling into dissolution.

In the Churches the hungry sheep look up and are not fed. There is not a personality that recalls the influence of the Spurgeons and Liddons of the last generation.

It is no better in trade. The catastrophic story of this year, with its unprecedented record of crashes in big business, suggests that we have lost the strain of commercial princes who built up the trade supremacy of this country, and have fallen into the hands of gamblers and light-minded adventurers.

Post-war music is an orgy of jazz, post-war drama is a dreary succession of bedroom scenes, and post-war literature is a depressing debauch of cynicism and animalism.

Lost prowess

Even in the games which we have taught the world to play we can no longer hold our own, much less take the lead.

Bobby Jones returns to America with all the trophies of the English golf world, and Tilden and Helen Wills follow with the trophies of the tennis world.

Australian billiard-players make our billiardists look like 'prentice hands, and Bradman and Grimmett ride rough-shod over our batsmen and our bowlers, while Phil Scott has reduced British pugilism to a world jest.

What is the meaning of it all? Have we "lost the breed of noble bloods," and are we finally stepping down to a lower scale among the nations, or have we simply struck a bad patch from which we may expect to emerge in due time?

Major Nathan, M.P., in an article in the *Nation*, puts his finger upon one of the obvious causes of our apparent decay. It is the "Lost Generation" of the war.

During the four years of that struggle we lost nearly a million of the flower of the youth of the nation by death, and millions more were disabled or morally lost.

The chasm

Among these were the men who, but for that catastrophe, would to-day be much of the driving-force of our affairs, in business, in politics, in literature.

It is this which accounts chiefly for the fact that the men who are conspicuous in any walk of life to-day are the men who had made their reputations before the war.

This is the case in business as much as in politics. Here and there a new force has appeared, like Mr. Keynes or Sir Josiah Stamp, but, generally speaking, the natural recruitment by which the men of thirty-five to sixty take on the burden of affairs has ceased to operate.

There is a chasm in our structure—a sort of geological fault in our stratification. And the post-war generation has not yet fully arrived.

The result is that in every sphere of life we are over-weighted with years. Our statesmen are too exclusively elder statesmen, our boards of directors too exclusively boards of greybeards.

Twenty-three-year-old T. L. Cotton—he'll beat Bobby Jones in a year or two!

It is no uncommon thing to find that the controlling hands of great undertakings are men in the neighbourhood of eighty, and though the value of experience in business should not be disregarded, it is equally necessary that the claims of initiative and enterprise should be represented.

It is not merely that the old men *are* old; it is that they belong to another world. Their experience was won in the world before the war.

It is not to be expected that they can adjust themselves easily to the wholly difficult problems of a new, fluid and tumultuous time of transition and experiment.

Their caution is valuable; but we need as well the impulse and driving-power of youth, with its energy, ambition and spirit of adventure.

And it is those qualities which are wanting to-day, and the lack of which is so largely responsible for the disquieting situation into which our national affairs are drifting.

If that drift is to be checked and the current that is flowing so menacingly against us is to be changed, new blood must flow in the veins of our commerce and our politics, and new ideas must be given free play. We must have new instruments for the new world that lies before us.

And those instruments are at hand. A new generation is coming into action

'Make way for the newcomers," says A. G. G. Here are three young men of promise in the political, sporting and literary arena: Frank Owen, our youngest M.P.: Peebles, one of our cricket hopes; and Evelyn Waugh, the novelist

in the wake of the generation that perished or was mutilated in the war, and our business is to welcome them and make way for them.

In spite of the clouds that have gathered over the sky of our affairs, I do not believe that this country is sloping to its decline, or that our part in the leadership of the world is played.

The war has changed our outlook more violently perhaps than that of any other nation. It discovered the weakness in the armour of a people which for a century had exploited the world almost as if it were its own estate.

Our great task

It stimulated competition that, without the war, would not have developed for generations, and has left us the greatest tasks of readjustment that any nation has ever had to face.

Those tasks are not beyond us if we attack them with the good sense and courage that made us great in the past.

But their accomplishment is in the hands, not of the tired spirits of pre-war England, but of the generation that is knocking impatiently at the door with the light of adventure in its eyes and the fervour of new visions in its soul.

Tickle Your LANDLADY!

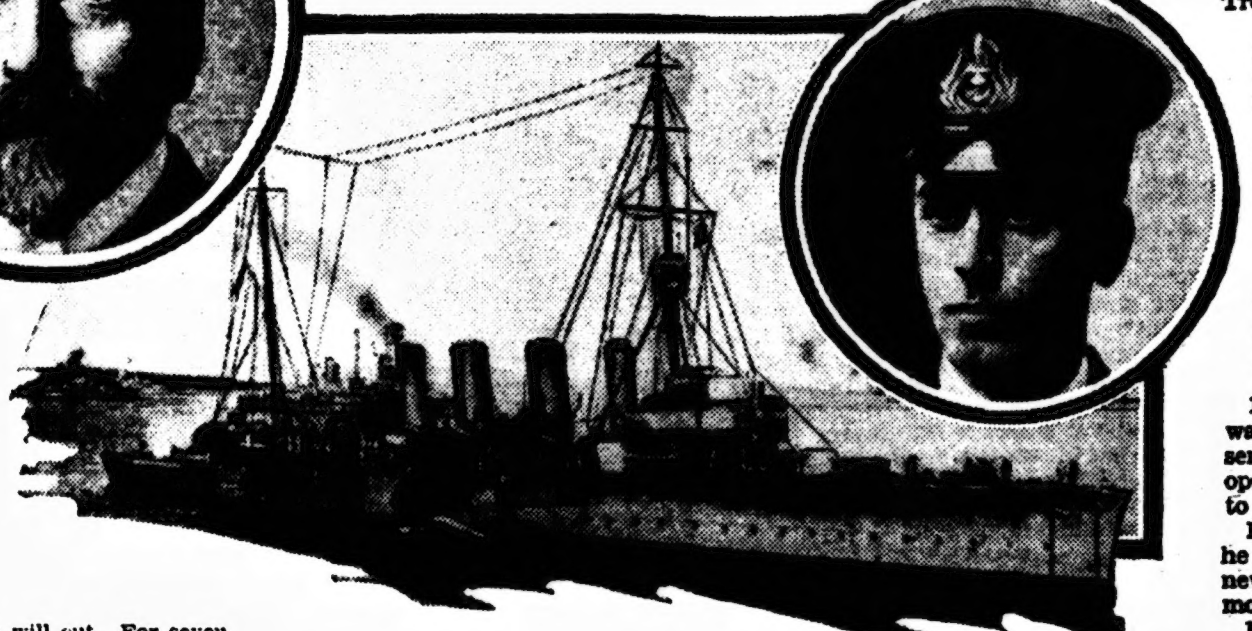
Put a laugh into "The Laurels" and a scream into "Seaview" this holiday. Give your landlady the great "JOHN BULL Summer Annual," and watch results.

Fourteen sparkling short stories and a hundred irresistible laughs for sixpence. The brightest thing on the bookstalls.

Secret NAVAL LETTER

We Challenge the Admiralty

Scandal



Admiral Sir Lewis Clinton-Baker and his flagship "Southampton," in which Mr. Deacon served

MURDER will out. For seven years Mr. Frank Deacon, a fine specimen of middle-aged manhood, has had no other occupation than tending the orchards and vines at his pretty home in Elburton, Devonshire.

During that time he has been on the Retired List of officers of the Royal Navy, in which he served with distinction for twenty-seven years.

No explanation was given to him at the time of his retirement, and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have repeatedly refused since then to give him one or even to grant him an interview.

Mr. Deacon was invalided out of the Service through the medium of a medical board, after an astounding series of events.

When an officer is deprived of his commission by this procedure, the specific reason for terminating his services need never be revealed by the Admiralty. It may preserve its secret under a clause of the King's Regulations.

But a few weeks ago a clerk in a Government Department blundered. He was forwarding some routine papers to Mr. Deacon, and, by mistake, put in the envelope a copy of the document relating to his discharge.

This revealed that the Admiralty had acted upon a certain confidential communication, and that Mr. Deacon had been retired from the Service because of a report that he was *mentally unstable*.

Cruel charge

In any circumstances, this would be a cruel charge to bring against anyone in secret without giving him the slightest chance to rebut it.

In the case of Mr. Deacon, who, we are satisfied, has always been mentally sound, the position is much more serious and extraordinary.

The confidential communication which broke Mr. Deacon's career came from the East Indies station of the Fleet.

We demand that it shall be produced and the name and position of its author revealed.

Mr. Deacon's last period of service at the East Indies station was as the commissioned gunner of the cruiser *Southampton*.

Until his last day of service there, when the entire ship's company of officers and men was transferred to England, he was responsible for the efficiency of the guns, and was in charge of the magazines and shell-rooms.

It is impossible to conceive that, if he was mentally unstable, he should have been permitted to enter the magazines unaccompanied, as he did daily, and be in a position to blow the ship to atoms.

Until the last hour of *Southampton's* commission in the East Indies he was also officer of the watch at sea and in harbour.

As such, he was responsible for the safety of the ship, and had every other officer, other than the captain, subordinate to him.

Mr. Frank Deacon, in whom the Navy has lost an officer of merit

Southampton was the flagship of Admiral Sir Lewis Clinton-Baker. Would an officer whose mental state was really under suspicion have been allowed to perform the watch duty in a flagship in the course of which he could have led a whole cruiser-squadron to destruction?

It is further apparent that Mr. Deacon's sanity was not in question at that time from the fact that he was posted, with the other officers of *Southampton*, to return to England in *Birmingham*.

In this cruiser, on the passage home, he was fire-control officer, and was again entrusted with duties which no one would have allowed an officer whose mental condition was unsound to carry out.

We have before us certificates signed by Captain W. A. Egerton, C.M.G., and Captain E. C. Boyle, V.C., the captains of *Southampton* and *Birmingham*, in which they declare that Mr. Deacon conducted himself to their entire satisfaction.

Secret report

It was not, in fact, until a month after his departure in *Birmingham* from the East Indies station that the damaging secret report upon Mr. Deacon's mentality was acted upon.

He had been at home for some weeks on foreign-service leave when an extraordinary incident occurred.

One morning there called at his house a surgeon-commander, who informed him that, in accordance with new regulations regarding officers from abroad, he was required to attend the Royal Naval Hospital to be "fumigated."

In this way Mr. Deacon was induced to enter the hospital so that the procedure of invaliding him from the Service might be carried out.

We have also in our possession a document which states that on his admission to the hospital Mr. Deacon was mentally unstable.

The diagnosis must have been made very quickly, because he had only been in the institution for an hour when he was let out on leave.

This was a strange privilege to c
to a man of unsound mind, and ev
more remarkable is the fact that
ten days after his return to hosp
he was permitted to roam about wi
out hindrance or restraint.

Until then Mr. Deacon had been
man of robust health and had pe
formed years of naval service in t
Tropics without a day of sickness.

A date had been fixed in hospi
for his discharge, but when the d
came he had to submit to a slig
operation.

From that moment, Mr. Deac
states, he became as if stricken wi
paralysis and his eyesight failed.

Curious evidence

As evidence of his "unstable me
tality," it is stated in his medic
record, which has been accidental
revealed, that at this time
whistled and sang by himself.

It is curious indeed to learn that
was singing at a time when he was
seriously ill from the effects of t
operation that his wife was permitt
to see him for only five minutes dai

Even stranger is the statement th
he whistled, because Mr. Deacon h
never been able to whistle with h
mouth in his life.

He became almost totally blind a
had to be led about by his wife
fellow-officers.

Yet, on the day before he entere
the hospital, this man had be
shooting on the naval ranges at Trev
in practice for Bisley, scoring "po
sibles" with the rifle at long range.

He could see a 6-inch spotting-di
on a target at 1,000 yards without th
aid of glasses.

Famous marksman

He had been a famous Bisley mark
man, won the most important contes
against all comers, and helped with h
Navy team to establish a world
record.

He was in the King's Hundred, be
the Army champion and the winner o
the King's Prize, and once earned th
personal congratulations of Lor
Kitchener.

But he became almost blind
hospital.

Three incidents which occurred a fe
weeks prior to Mr. Deacon's departur
from the East Indies station must b
mentioned.

As mess president, Mr. Deacon ha
to report that certain officers wer
using the men's canteen to obtai
liquor, and were returning to the
quarters in a drunken state.

He was offensively abused at an en
quiry when he offered technical evi
dence regarding the misfiring of a gun
His position became so intolerable tha
he had to request to see the Com
mander-in-Chief.

Not long afterwards Mr. Deacon wa
accused of exceeding his wine bill an
drinking too heavily.

A more astounding charge could no
have been brought. Mr. Deacon ha
been a life-long total abstainer.

Investigate!

A sheaf of wine-chits was produce
as evidence, but these were quickl
proved to be forgeries. The forger
were traced and admitted their guil
but no action was taken.

Mr. Deacon won his commission fro
the lower deck, where he began servic
as a boy thirty-four years ago.

It is utterly wrong that the Nav
should in such amazing circumstance
have lost an officer with a record o
high efficiency and merit.

An investigation must not be burked

Tale OF A DOG

A BRIGHT young man, leading a dog, entered a gunsmith's shop in Aylesbury the other day, and introduced himself as a nephew of a local hotel proprietor.

He intimated that he had just returned home after a long period of service with the Royal Air Force.

His request to be shown a number of sporting-guns was readily complied with, and he finally selected one valued at £10, tendering a cheque in payment.

The gunsmith was astounded when this cheque was dishonoured, but further surprises awaited him when he called at the hotel for an explanation.

He there learnt that the bright young man was not the proprietor's nephew home on leave, but a guest at the hotel—and a most unwelcome one at that, having departed suddenly, leaving his bill unpaid.

His move in taking the proprietor's dog for a walk had been cunning in the extreme, for the animal was well known by sight to most of the people in the vicinity.

The bright young man, who signed the hotel register as Colin Richards, has cashed several worthless cheques in Aylesbury, so the public should be warned against him.

He usually refers to himself as a "Flight Sergeant," and pretends to have been in training at Halton.

THE Saddest Mother in BRITAIN

A rogue's most pitiable victim

Mr. J. H. Hollins, Mayor of West Ham, in whose borough Eastoe's abandoned wife and children became chargeable to the rates

ONE of the most poignant problems facing those authorities responsible for public welfare is the plight of the countless women betrayed by rogues whom the law has overtaken.

It is forcibly illustrated in the case of Daisy Dowsett, who is now lying in Truro Infirmary, in Cornwall, hundreds of miles away from the only real home she ever had.

She has just brought a child into the world, whose father is a shameless rogue who has preyed upon society as well as upon trusting women.

Tidings of her pathetic plight reached us in a remarkable fashion.

It so happened that we published a brief warning in these columns about six weeks ago regarding a man named John Jarvis, who was operating a postal-bargain swindle from accommodation addresses in various parts of the country.

Shortly after this warning had appeared we received a letter from the Cornwall County Council, signed by Mr. C. Ward, the relieving officer for the Launceston District, who informed us that the man we had exposed had just been arrested at Launceston.

In seeking our assistance, Mr. Ward pointed out that his concern was not for the man, but for a young woman named Daisy Dowsett, who had been in his company with a little boy of eighteen months.

Both were destitute, and their pathetic position was intensified by the fact that the birth of another child was imminent.

An appeal to us

Faced with starvation, without a roof and with no friends to whom she could turn for succour, their future welfare presented a problem which the police could only pass on to the relieving officer.

He, in turn, finding that the case involved several unusual aspects, decided to entrust certain enquiries in London to us, which we gladly undertook.

It appears that Jarvis arrived in Teignmouth a little while back with the woman and child and took apartments in Brunswick Street, in that name.

On the day of his arrival he called at a shop in Teign Street and, giving the name of J. Ward, complained that he was not comfortable where he was staying and did not wish his letters to be delivered there.

He accordingly arranged for the shopkeeper to receive letters on his behalf, the latter having no idea that Jarvis, alias Ward, was thus making the first move in a further series of frauds.

His next step was to advertise postal bargains, with the result that he received remittances from all parts of the country.

Amongst some fifty letters containing cash which he collected in two days was one from a Cheltenham man, who sent cash in advance for "two Dunlop tyres" which never materialised, and one from a man in Newbury, who likewise sent a remittance for a phantom "bargain."

Having made this good haul, which was one of many perpetrated in other places he had visited, he pushed on to Launceston, still taking with him the young woman, who, completely under his spell, believed him to be engaged in a legitimate business tour.

Then came his arrest, followed by a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment, which was well deserved, since, in the name of Eastoe, he has carried on swindling businesses in London over a long period.

Thus arose the problem of Daisy Dowsett, who has been far more shamefully imposed upon than the many business men who have listened to Eastoe's plausible tongue.

Nowhere to go

The girl's deceiver had never made her a home, and she therefore had nowhere to go for her imminent confinement.

The solution of sending her to the local infirmary was at best a temporary one.

On making enquiries in her home district, we found that her widowed mother was willing to receive her with open arms; but as she is dependent upon the old-age pension, she obviously cannot shoulder the burden cast upon her daughter's shoulders by Eastoe's perfidy.

With a new born baby to care for, Daisy Dowsett will be unable to work herself for some time to come, but we do not suppose Eastoe will be troubled by the knowledge that his victim is thus faced with the workhouse.

He left his legitimate wife and five children in a similar plight a few years back, and a warrant is still out against him in respect of their neglected maintenance.

The problem of many

In conjunction with the relieving officer at Launceston, we shall do all we can to help Daisy Dowsett in her plight.

But could there be any meaner type of scoundrel than Eastoe, who leads a life of crime, deserts his wife and children, and betrays an innocent but trusting girl, with no thought or consideration for their fate?

And could there be any more baffling and poignant problem than that of Daisy Dowsett—shared, as it unhappily is, by many other women to-day?

SLICK Military Trickster

A HANDSOME car recently drew up before an hotel in Louth, Lincolnshire, and a rather imposing personage was seen to alight.

After a few moments' conversation with the other occupants of the car, the imposing personage strolled into the hotel and registered as "Colonel J. L. Wilson." Meanwhile, the handsome car drove away.

* * *

In the course of the next day or two Colonel Wilson became quite well known to his fellow-guests at the hotel as an ex-officer of the famous "Greys," who had seen service in the South African War.

A brilliant conversationalist, he entertained everyone with racy reminiscences, making casual mention now and again of his villa at Cannes and his Devonshire estates.

No one suspected that he was anything but a fine old English gentleman, and his story to the effect that he was staying in Louth for a few days while his car was being overhauled at a near-by garage was accepted without question.

Then the colonel suddenly disappeared, and his departure was followed by echoes which caused consternation among the other guests.

The hotel management bewailed an unpaid account, while a clergyman who had advanced a sum of money to enable the colonel to pay alleged garage charges was numbered with those who regretted the brief acquaintanceship.

* * *

As a matter of fact, the colonel is a clever trickster, whose arrival at this particular hotel was cunningly contrived.

He had simply stopped the driver of the handsome car on the road near Ashton-le-Clay, and, pretending that his own car had broken down, had begged a lift into Louth.

He was thus able to step out at the entrance of the Louth hotel with an air of magnificence that he was not slow to turn to account.

He has been heard of in several other quarters of late, notably in Exeter, where he also defrauded a hotel and made away with a cheque-book belonging to a fellow-guest.

This cheque-book he flourished impressively when making certain purchases in the West End of London only the other day.

At least one outfitting firm has been badly duped by him, for he acquired two suits, evening dress, and a substantial amount in change in return for one of the stolen cheques, which he signed in the name of "Major J. R. Sanders."

Others should be on their guard against this bogus military trickster, bearing in mind that the cheques he is now offering are drawn on an Exeter bank.

"FREE HOLIDAYS" Hoax

A NUMBER of small shopkeepers have lately been victimised by a dapper young man, with a closely clipped moustache, who gives the name of C. D. Morrison, and poses as the representative of a London travel bureau.

The story he tells has the ring of truth about it, and is apparently borne out by the printed matter he produces from his smart despatch-case.

His firm, he explains, has evolved a novel scheme for popularising its travel facilities and benefiting small traders at the same time.

For a fee of £2 it is prepared to supply shopkeepers with 1,000 coupons to be issued to customers making purchases of 2s. 6d. or over.

These coupons, in turn, will be replaced by free travel vouchers to correspond in value to the number submitted.

Morrison points out that the idea is an excellent one for encouraging trade during the holiday months; that his firm accepts full responsibility for the operation of the scheme, and that the shopkeeper need do no more than issue the coupons.

When last we heard of him, Morrison was in Windsor, where he succeeded in obtaining advances of £2 from at least three local shopkeepers.

The promised coupons have never come to hand, but the dupes have discovered that the dapper young traveller is an impudent impostor.

He was at one time employed with a genuine travel bureau, but he was discharged for dishonesty, and it is his former employer's literature that he is now misusing to further his criminal ends.

His real name, we find, is G. Dumaresq; so shopkeepers everywhere should watch out for him and be on their guard.

I EAT WHAT I LIKE

NO MORE GASTRITIS

ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077), popularly known as "White Lions."

This prescription is non-purgative.—Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 Tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. **1/4** (72), **2/6** (144), and **7/-** (432).

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, take the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia (No. 15), in addition to No. 1077. Take 2 tablets of each kind before meals. 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144), 9/- (432 tablets). Privately packed and post free at these prices.

In one form or another Shadforth Prescriptions, to-day, are prescribed by the world's best doctors. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a high-class chemist guarantees the quality of these excellent prescriptions.

FREE— WITH EVERY FIRST ORDER!

A Book every "John Bull" reader ought to possess!

The Shadforth book containing dozens of Prescriptions, written in plain English, will be sent free of charge with your first order.

Below are some further examples of

"SHADFORTH" PRESCRIPTIONS MOST IN USE AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR.

THEY WILL SAVE YOU MANY A DOCTOR'S BILL. KEEP THEM IN YOUR MEDICINE CHEST!

NEURASTHENIA

and Nervous Breakdown

Absent Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude.

You can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurastbenia are conditions and not diseases. The **Shadforth Neurasthenia Prescription (No. 470)** acts like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100), and **17/-** (300 tablets). This can be taken alternatively with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on.

(*See opposite*).

BACKACHE, LUMBAGO

For Backache nothing is better than this tablet, composed of: Potas, Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 40).** Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13** (432 tablets).

CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000).** Prices: **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

SCIATICA NEURITIS,

Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation.

All nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatic-Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **Shadforth Prescription (No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative, and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

At those special times when the pain is unbearably severe, foment the parts with hot water or take a Neuritis Cachet instead of the above tablets. The cachet is composed of Antifebrin, Amido-salol and Codein, and generally gives prompt relief. Price **3/-**(6), **5/6** (12).

Prescription 212A.

BLADDER COMFORT

No More Disturbed Nights

Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort," No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: **Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Price **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), and **13/-** (300 pills).

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTIONS FOR HEART AND ARTERIES

Don't be alarmed at heart attacks. Live your normal span; palpitation, tremblings, heart attacks, depression, nervousness, insomnia, hardening of the arteries are only serious when neglected. Shadforth Blood Pressure Reducing Tablets (No. 1,129) quickly restore the arteries to their youthful vigour. They cost only **2/6** and **4/6.** In addition take the Shadforth Heart Tonic Pills (No. **632**). These quickly steady the heart, strengthen the nerves, and provide the tonic you need. They cost only **2/6** and **4/6.** Full directions supplied. Two or three weeks of this treatment will make you feel 20 years younger. The Shadforth reputation for supplying the world's best prescriptions is your guarantee.

Nasal Catarrh Nose Wash Tablets, at 1/6 and 2/9. No. 829TX.
Thinness, Loss of Flesh (Body Building), at 2/6 and 4/6. No. 552.
Bowel and Stomach Indigestion, 2/6 & 4/6. No. 227.
Pure Aspirin Tablets, 1/3 (100). No. 541.
Arterio Sclerosis (for Brittle Arteries), 2/6. No. 1108.
Flatulent Dyspepsia, Gastritis, 1/6 and 2/6. No. 882.
Vitamin Sunshine Tonic Tablets, 1/9, 4/6. No. 1063.
Hæmorrhoids, Constipation, etc., at 2/6 & 4/6. No. 394.
Neverfail Old Salts, at 2/6. No. 565K.
Anæmia, Weakness, Pallor, Debility, at 2/- and 3/6. No. 365.
Ox Gall Obesity Soap (Best Soap known), **1/3.** No. 986.
Sarsaparilla Blood Purifying Tonic, at 2/6, 4/6. No. 500/G.G.
Psoriasis, Alopecia, Eczema, at 1/6 and 4/-. No. 850.
Special Pile Ointment, 2/6. No 1083
Hygienic Douche for Women, 2/6 and 4/6. No. 645
Wrinkle and Grey Hair Prevention Tablets, 2/6 and 7/-. No 344
Superfluous Hair Remover, 1/3 and 3/-. No. 981
Formalin Soap for Perspiring Skin, 1/-. No. 940
Birch Tar Soap for Psoriasis, Scurf, Eczema, 1/-. No 930

CATARRH

Cold in the Nose

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Throat, Ear and Lung Trouble. The **Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T)** acts like a charm. The price for this Course of Treatment is **4/6,** and considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small in comparison. Larger Courses, **8/6** and **12/6.**

OBESITY

SHADFORTH TREATMENT (No. 575/DD)
comprises

(1) Special Compound of Seaweed in pill form to be taken before meals.
(2) Marienbad Salts to be taken in the morning and before meals.
(3) A special Fat Reducing Massage Cream.
(4) A special Ox Gall Soap for removing the fat from the skin.

This simultaneous four-fold attack is remarkably successful and costs **7/6** (2 weeks' treatment), and **14/6** (4 weeks' treatment).

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 32)** in boxes at **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100) pills.

BRIGHT EYES

LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

Your face and skin are nourished, preserved and beautified by **Shadforth (Medicated) Milk of Sulphur Soap (No. 1064).** Costs **1/3.**

For redness, roughness and blemishes, apply **Complexion Tonic Lotion** after washing, twice daily. Costs **2/6** and **5/-.** Prescription No 785.

For Acne or Blackheads, Spots, Pimples and Sallow Skin and Dull Eyes, you need internal treatment in addition. This is provided in **Complexion Tonic Tablets.** They act like magic. Prescription 442. Cost **1/6** (72), **3/3** (144), and **9/-** (432 tablets).

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrained nerves. **Shadforth Tonic (No. 632)** will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself ill and an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. Prices: **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144) and **13/-** (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your failing to pieces feeling.

CRITICAL TIME

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A grand tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, etc. Does exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression at once. Also Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Ideal the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In Boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

Gout, Rheumatism

SCIATICA, ARTHRITIS.

THE SHADFORTH "TRIPLEX" TREATMENT (No. 76/T)
comprises:

(1) A pill which drives out the uric acid.
(2) A tablet which kills pain and reduces inflammation.
(3) A Rubefacient which stimulates the flow of blood and disperses the pain.

This treatment is excellent for Neuritis, Arthritis, Sciatica and similar pains.

Trial Course, **5/6.** Full Course, **10/6.** Double Course, **20/-.**

All these prescriptions are obtainable post free at these special prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., 49 (J.B. 109), King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 12, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44, London Road, Romford; 1148, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; and 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3. Garages also supply.

Bogus Medical Council

I HAVE devoted a good deal of space lately to the activities of firms which offer lucrative posts to unemployed people in return for investments.

The fact that my postbag brings me mounting complaints from employee-investors who have lost everything prompts me again to emphasise the danger of accepting any post in such circumstances.

I know how hard it is for a man to go on facing unemployment when he is induced to believe that an investment will bring him a permanent job; but, save in very exceptional cases, it is the wisest plan to turn down all offers where the employment-with-investment element is introduced.

The "cure"

A short time ago a Wood Green reader got in touch through an advertisement with the National Curative Council, of Wilton Road, Victoria, London, S.W., which professed to have a sure cure for certain bodily ailments.

My reader was led to believe that a large business was being done, and that in return for £100 he would find definite employment at £5 a week.

He was certainly kept busy in trying to discover where the real business was, and the ultimate result is that he has received nothing at all in return.

His £100, which represented his life-savings, has gone, the business is closed down, and the disillusioned investor is now unemployed, with a wife and invalid son dependent upon him.

Enquiries made by my department enable me to say that at least one other man was similarly imposed upon.

Apart from the "investment" side of this "National Curative Council" concern, there are one or two other aspects I would mention.

One is that its advertisements and literature suggested that its principals were able to prescribe cures for various ailments. Nevertheless, it had not a single medical man on its staff.

Moreover, its headquarters—which were supposed to include a special out-patients' department—consisted of a couple of rooms, where an estate-agency business, about which there have been many complaints, was run.

Penalised doctors

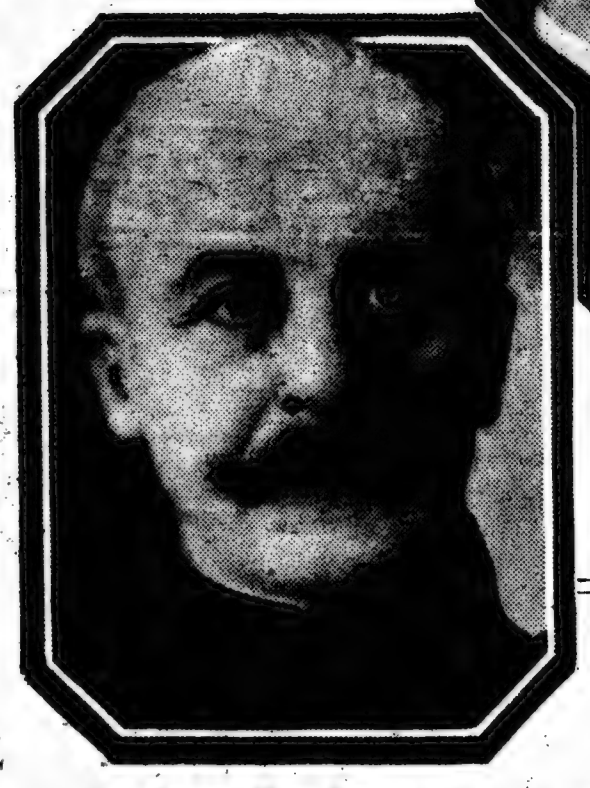
If a doctor, with all his qualifications, dares to advertise, he is promptly struck off the medical register.

Dr. Haydn Brown, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., it will be remembered, was once struck off the register merely for writing an article on a subject of public importance!

Yet a concern like this—and I am sorry to say there are many of them operating to-day—can advertise for clients as extensively as it chooses.

I wish advertisement-managers, when requested to insert advertisements asking for capital in return for work, would insist upon credentials of an indisputable character.

In any case, I think I have said enough to show that the employment-with-investment danger is a very serious one.



Col. Norman King, Registrar-General of the Medical Council, should study the merits of all "medical" advertisements

Dr. Haydn Brown was struck off the register for writing for the Press, but was afterwards reinstated

* * *

Bowles' Kitty

NUMEROUS readers have been warned in these columns, or by our Free Advice Service, against the offers of Alexander Bowles, of Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.—particularly respecting the trashy shares of Hecla Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

I was therefore gratified to see that he lost an action concerning these self-same shares at the City of London Court a few days ago, in which fraudulent misrepresentation was alleged, though I was appalled by a statement made in court that he had obtained £50,000 from investors.

New Share Push

MY statement a fortnight ago that share-pushers were renewing their activities is further borne out by fresh complaints which are now before me regarding an amazingly impudent swindle of this class.

There is, however, a fresh element, for the perpetrators depend for their success upon the flagrant misuse of famous company names, whereas the average share-pusher is mainly concerned with foisting the shares of rubbishy companies upon ignorant investors.

A Bishop's Stortford gentleman who indulges in a fair amount of sound speculation upon the Stock Exchange received an unexpected visitor the other day, who introduced himself as "Mr. Thomas White."

He arrived by car and appeared to be a man of some importance.

He was, he said, the special representative of a broker named Thomas Brown Williams, of Waterloo Road, London, S.E., on whose behalf he was empowered to negotiate new business.

The credentials which he produced seemed quite satisfactory, so the Bishop's Stortford gentleman decided to grant him an interview.

White then proceeded to explain that his employer was in a position to acquire first-hand information regarding "safe speculations."

A man with unrivalled knowledge of the Stock Exchange, he concerned himself only with investments of the highest character.

Secret information

The object of the present visit was to acquaint the Bishop's Stortford gentleman with particulars of a substantial rise which was expected to take place shortly in the shares of an important film company in which he had already invested.

According to the visitor's story, Mr. Williams had an opportunity of putting through a profitable transaction in a small block of these valuable shares, and would be willing to let the investor participate to the extent of £50.

The details furnished sounded plausible enough, and confidence was further inspired when the visitor declined to take the money with him, but said he would prefer it to be remitted to his employer by post with a covering letter.

So the investor sent his £50, and promptly received a printed receipt from Thomas Brown Williams.

A few days later White again drove up in his car with tidings of another "safe speculation"—this time in the shares of a famous tea company.

Again the investor remitted £50 by post, and again a printed receipt was forthcoming.

But since then complete silence has reigned, and I very much fear that this gentleman must count his £100 as irretrievably lost.

Phantom broker

For enquiries in Waterloo Road reveal that the supposed headquarters of the "specialist" broker consist of an accommodation address, where Mr. Thomas Brown Williams has been in the habit of calling to collect a fairly bulky mail.

Finally, it is clear that Williams and White are one and the same person, for a vital clue to his identity is that he has lost a leg.

I understand that the police have also received a number of complaints regarding his activities, so I pass on the above story as a warning to investors who may possibly be approached in the future.

Chameleon Charity Crook

A CONSPICUOUS figure in Lincoln recently was an immaculately dressed man, with amber, horn-rimmed glasses, who drove through the city in a maroon-coloured Humber car, collecting on behalf of the Lincoln County Hospital.

At least, he successfully persuaded everyone he approached to accept him as the emissary of charity, though it has now become clear that he was collecting solely for himself.

He gave the name of "Mr. Brigg Howard," and, apart from gathering in donations wherever he called, even succeeded in cashing a number of cheques with local tradesmen.

It was only when these cheques came back "R.D." that enquiries were made, which led to the discovery that the collections on behalf of the Lincoln County Hospital had been quite unauthorised.

All the cheques in question were drawn upon a Doncaster bank, having been taken from a cheque-book stolen from an hotel there.

It also transpires that the car in which "Mr. Brigg Howard" cut such a dash was likewise stolen property; and when we say that it was taken from a garage in Weston-super-Mare, it will be gathered that this bogus charity-collector is a man who likes to travel.

He is, in fact, a rogue of many names and many parts, who specialises in disposing of stolen cars, but who counts the passing of worthless cheques and the defrauding of hotels and tradesmen as all in the day's work.

Although the profits from his many-sided activities must be considerable, he loses no opportunity of enriching himself, and no coup is too small.

For instance, he recently entered a barber's shop in Bangor for a shave and induced the man to cash him a cheque for £1.

By the time this cheque came back dishonoured "Mr. Brigg Howard" was busying himself with bigger coups.

His real name is Marcus Emett, and we should be happy to hear from any reader who may have encountered him in his recent travels.

Weekly Informations from

Sir Wyndham Childs

THE MILKY WAY

A novel view of a Cadbury Milk Tower

When Cadburys make Milk Chocolate it means making free use of milk. Last year they used 10 million gallons! *Fresh full-cream* milk straight from British farms. This photograph shows one of Cadburys Milk Towers in which the churns, after being steamed and cleaned, are stored until they are returned to the farms for fresh supplies. A glass and a half of this milk goes into every ½lb. block of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate. No wonder you can taste the cream!

—and that's why you'll say

'I...WANT...CADBURY'S'

DRUNK *on their own* VERBOSITY

by E. Roffe Thompson

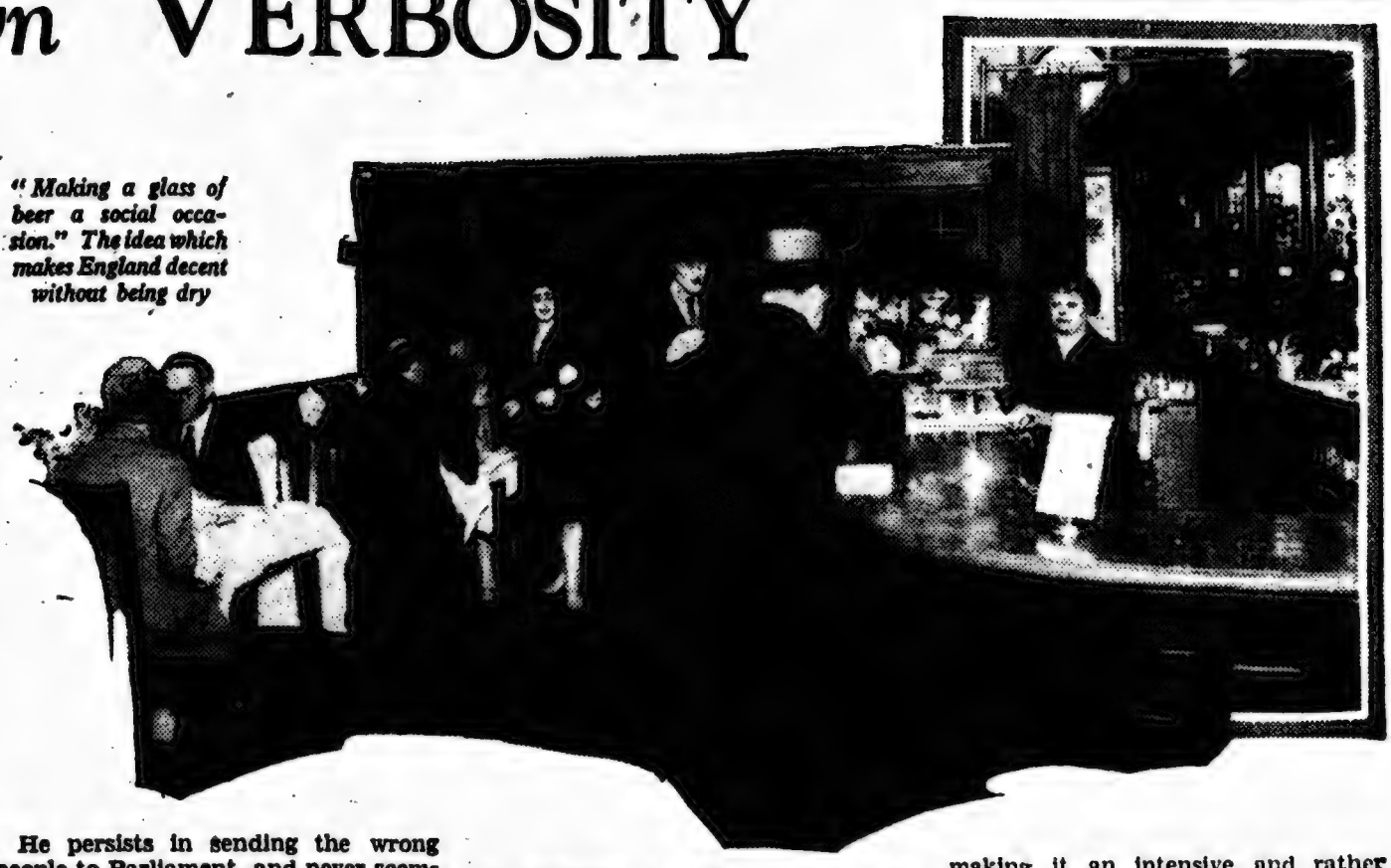
THE Englishman is supposed to have a peculiar genius for government. So long as the country he governs is not his own this is more or less true.

When it comes to his own country this genius is not so apparent; for when anything requires doing he either does nothing or sets up a Royal Commission to enquire into it.

That is what he did with the so-called drink problem. Having got the licensing laws into a glorious and well-nigh inextricable mess, a Royal Commission was let loose on the country to poke its nose into everybody's business at the public expense.

Up to date it has spent £8,000 and asked over a million questions. Every type of crank, Dismal Jimmie and Doleful Jeremiah has been given the chance of a lifetime to snoop around and spy on the working man, come before the commission, and say "Thou shalt not!"

So far I have not heard that any working-man has been invited to tell the commission what he wants.



"Making a glass of beer a social occasion." The idea which makes England decent without being dry

Cool cheek

A few weeks ago one witness surpassed himself. He told the commission all about the iniquities of clubs. He was not speaking from hearsay. He had been to clubs and seen things for himself. Dreadful!

But he rather spoilt the effect by adding blandly: "Of course, I did not go to such clubs as the National Liberal Club or the Constitutional. I am referring to working-men's clubs."

For cool cheek that would take some beating. For unblushing impudence it positively deserves a prize.

I really can't understand why the British workman tolerates the point of view that the receipt of a weekly wage entitles anyone to poke and pry into his affairs, inspect his home, enter his club, and generally treat him as though he were a zoological specimen.

I can't understand the mentality that wants to do it or the mentality that allows it to be done.

Yet whatever happens to the British workman—who, after all, comprises the vast majority of the nation—is largely his own fault. He has still to learn that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

He persists in sending the wrong people to Parliament, and never seems to learn that the way to stop his liberty being filched is to protest in time instead of grumbling when it is too late.

And nothing seems to teach him that a determined minority can fetter a whole nation unless the majority is very wide awake.

Driven to drink

I have always held that the drink problem is an effect and not a cause. A determined attack on slums and low wages would do more to solve it than any number of commissions.

There is no drink problem where people are well housed, well fed and well clothed. Where people are happy already there is no temptation to drown their misery in alcoholic excess.

The root of the drink problem lies in the fact that millions are condemned to live in squalor and misery beside which the worst public-house is a paradise of comfort.

Yet, despite it all, the drink problem in this country is very largely solving itself. Excesses of such a nature as to constitute a social problem are practically a pre-war relic.

We are not a temperance country, but we are most certainly a temperate one.

Education, a vastly improved standard of living, and a tremendously increased level of national self-respect are doing in a very effective manner more than the Prohibitionist could ever hope to do.

In 1914, for instance, 37,530,155 barrels of beer were drunk; last year the number of barrels of beer consumed had fallen to 24,530,155.

All round, in fact, the figures are rather astonishing. Compared with pre-war days, the consumption of beer has fallen by nearly 30 per cent.; the consumption of spirits has fallen by nearly 60 per cent., and the expenditure per head of the population—a figure that really means very little, but is always stressed by reformers—has also substantially declined.

Tax on thirst

I don't think there is much mystery about it. For one thing we have been steadily taxed into temperance.

Compared with pre-war days, the tax on a barrel of beer has gone up 680 per cent.; on a gallon of proof spirit it has increased 391 per cent. Such taxation is a very powerful agent of Prohibition.

But the most striking figures of all are those relating to convictions for drunkenness. Those are the quickest index to the social aspect of the drink trade.

In 1913, there were convicted 153,112 men and 35,765 women; in 1928—the last year for which official figures are available—there were convicted 46,798 men and 8,844 women.

Out of a population of 40,000,000 I maintain that really isn't bad.

But while all these facts show quite clearly what is happening, I am not pretending to claim that there is not something wrong.

Being somewhat more matter-of-fact than the bat-eyed fanatic, I think that the real trouble is that the majority of public-houses are not so much public-houses as drinking-shops.

Compare the French café or the German beer-garden with the average English public-house.

It is the difference between making a glass of beer a social occasion and making it an intensive and rather sordid business.

Those breweries which are turning their public-houses into something on the lines of the Continental cafés, where one need not buy beer or spirits, but can have food and a cup of coffee or tea, want all the encouragement that we can give them.

The reason why

Unfortunately, development on these lines is held up, particularly in the cities, by the extortion of the ground landlords.

Many a squalid little drink-shop in the slums would be wiped out and replaced by an airy licensed restaurant if the owner was not faced with an impossible overhead charge for rent immediately he sought to extend his premises.

But the drink problem is slowly, but steadily, solving itself. Education and common-sense, intelligence and self-respect are doing what no amount of legislation could do.

As far as I know, Mr. George Lansbury has not yet been invited to give the Royal Commission his views. He should be. This is what he wrote the other day:

"As a lover of freedom, I am an opponent of Prohibition in the matter of drink. Being a life-long teetotaller, my position is unassailable.

"I think that a public-house constructed and run so that men are incited to drink and drink at a bar is not a blessing.

"But I will never say 'Thou shalt not' to a man who wants a drink. I want to see restaurants and cafés on the Continental plan, and as far as possible in the open-air. Beer-gardens for example. Places where you can take your family."

Sack the lot!

The commission has listened to more than a million answers to its questions. If it listens to another million it will never hear one with more sense in it than that.

For that is the common-sense view of the whole matter, the view of the "man in the street," the view of the great majority of the nation. We shall come to it sooner or later.

We might as well scrap the Royal Commission before it wastes any more money, and make a start on it right away.

The Human Machine

Human MAGNETS

SOME people seem charged with a mysterious force. They draw others to them as irresistibly as the magnet attracts iron. Strangers confide their inmost secrets to them.

Such people have one of the world's most priceless gifts—the gift of sympathy. They can listen without gossiping; they can understand without scoffing; they can be tolerant without judging. They sense the craving for sympathy in their fellows, and give it without stint.

What a wonderful place the world could be made if we would only all try to cultivate a sympathetic outlook to others! So many of us delight in retailing malicious gossip; so many of us sneer and scoff and tittle-tattle about our fellows; so few of us, in fact, can be trusted.

Yet credit, firm and unshakable credit, is as much the foundation of social life as it is of business.

Those who succeed best in the exceedingly difficult art of living in harmony with others are those in whose good faith others have complete confidence.

Never forget that the foundation of true sympathy with others is tolerance. We are all human; we can all err; who are we, that we should sit in judgment on our fellows?

If we want to be understood we should try to understand. If we want sympathy we should be prepared to give sympathy.

3 COUPONS WITH EVERY TEN 'PRIVATE SEAL' CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. • 20 for 1/-

(with 3 full-value coupons) *(with 6 full-value coupons)*

Flat-fifty 2/6

(with 15 full-value coupons)

'Private Seal' are full-size cigarettes made from a famous Virginian blend of pure, unadulterated tobaccos.

WE WILL TAKE YOUR PRESENT COUPONS OFF YOUR HANDS

Don't hesitate to try 'Private Seal' at once simply because you have already collected a certain number of coupons from other cigarettes. We will accept these coupons for your first 'Private Seal' gift, so long as you send at least as many 'Private Seal' as coupons from other 10 for 6d. cigarettes. This offer applies only to your first gift and holds good only to August 31st 1930.

Gifts in one-third the time

300 coupons

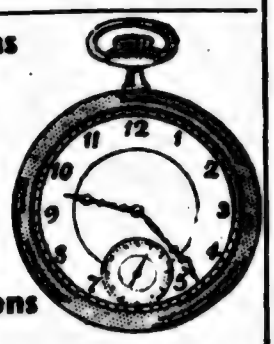
(100 packets of 10 instead of 300 packets).

ENSIGN "CUPID" CAMERA. Cuts photo cost in half. Takes 16 (1¼ x 2¼) picture on ordinary 8 exp. film 3¼ x 2¼. High-grade achromatic lens, T and I shutter, safety catch, quick focus view finder, canvas case.
Imperial Portrait Camera (3¼ x 2¼) 200 coupons.

75 coupons

(25 packets of 10 instead 75 packets).

ARTIFICIAL SILK STOCKINGS. Manufactured from Courtauld's 200-denier Dulesco yarn; full length panel; made on fine-gauge machine; specially reinforced to ensure hard wear, wash splendidly. Colours available: Florence Mills, New Gunmetal Paris Nude, Stonemarten, Duskee, New Brown, Omar Black, or any other popular colour on request. Sizes: 9, 9½ 10 in.
"Beauty of England" real silk stockings 150 coupons.



750 coupons

(250 packets of 10 instead of 750 packets).

GENT'S DRESS WATCH. Beautifully finished and most reliable Watch, extra thin. Rolled gold case. 15 jewel movement, flat hair-spring.

1150 coupons

(384 packets of 10 instead of 1150 packets).

LADY'S SOLID GOLD BRACELET WATCH. Beautiful little Watch, 9-ct. hall-marked solid gold, dust proof case. 15-jewel lever movement. Wonderful coupon value. 9-ct. gold watch on moire silk band. 850 coupons. 9-ct. gold watch with 9-ct gold bracelet. 1,150 coupons.

2350 coupons

(784 packets of 10 instead of 2350 packets).

A JUNO-'PRINCE' ALL-BRITISH BICYCLE

GENT'S STANDARD MODEL. FRAME built with Reynolds weldless steel tubing:—sizes 20", 22", 24", 26". WHEELS—Best British Make—Westwood type rims 26" x 1¾". Non-rusting spokes. HUBS—Best British. HANDLEBARS—Phillips with two outside roller lever brakes. CHAIN-WHEEL and CRANKS—Best British Steel specially toughened. FREEWHEEL—Best British ball-bearing frictionless. PEDALS—Phillips rubber. MUDGUARDS dome pattern with front extension, plated fastenings specially stayed and strengthened. SADDLE—Best quality British make three coil springs. CHAIN—Coventry or Brampton. TYRES—'Kempshall' made by Dunlop. FINISH—one coat rust-proof preparation, three coats best black enamel. Beautifully hand polished, lined in gold and green. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. Delivered free for **2350 coupons.**

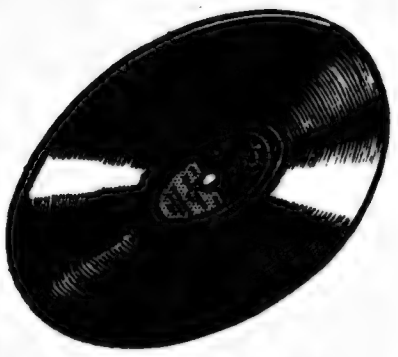
SEMI-SPORTS MODEL. Similar to above in all respects with the exception that the machine is built with a sloping top tube and equipped with 4-wire racing type saddle. Handlebars are of the North Road upturned type. Rat-trap pedals. Delivered free for **2350 coupons.**

LADIES' MODEL. Specification as Gent's Standard Model with addition of Chain Cover and Skirt Guard. Delivered free for **2400 coupons** (only 800 packets of 10).

ALL-BRITISH ACCESSORIES. Each machine is complete with Lamp, Bell, Pump and Clips, Tool Bag and Tools, Rear Reflector.

These models are made on the latest *'Safety First'* principles and so constructed that the rider can drop one foot on the ground whilst in traffic and thus retain full control of the machine. Every machine is guaranteed for twelve months.

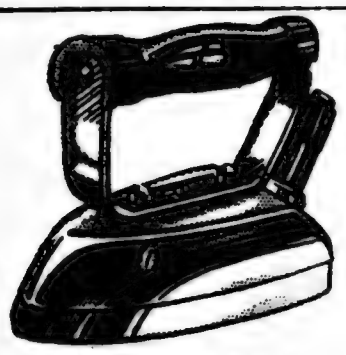
Send for full list in colour



60 coupons

(20 packets of 10 instead of 60 packets).

IMPERIAL GRAMOPHONE RECORDS. The latest electrical recording of first-class artistes and bands. All the newest song and dance successes to select from. Latest list of records sent post free on request.



250 coupons

(84 packets of 10 instead of 250 packets).

TOILECTRO ELECTRIC IRON. A serviceable and long-wearing article of first-rate quality. Exactly the right weight and size for general work. Guaranteed for two years. In two voltages: 220 and 240.

750 coupons *(250 packets of 10 instead of 750 packets).*

"RIVERSIDE" PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE. A beautiful-toned machine, made by a well-known British firm. Covered in black, blue or red. Internal horn plush-covered 10 in. turntable, nickel handle and fittings, record carrier in lid, safety clasps. Guaranteed 2 years

MOUSTAFA LTD., 84, Piccadilly, London, W.1. (*Sole Concessionaires:* COHEN WEENEN & CO., LTD.)

Without Fear or Favour

Making Fools—

Putting the paper hat on

—of the POLICE!

THE present position of the law of this country regarding night clubs is one which cannot be viewed except with boredom and disgust, tinged also with a certain amount of apprehension.

There can be but few instances in which the law is so flagrantly flouted and ridiculed as it is by those who take up the management and running of disreputable night clubs.

Raids are frequently made by the police, and the principals and those found on the premises are brought before magistrates and fined or cautioned; but immediately afterwards the same scandalous business is being carried on—by the same people and on the same premises.

There is a legal axiom that one bad law spoils all law, and it is just there that the nuisance assumes a menacing aspect. It is the dignity, the sanity of the law that is imperilled.

That there is bad law in all this night-club business there is no question.

Up they come!

FOR the past three or four years there has been a fairly regular procession through our police-courts of night-club proprietors and managers.

With monotonous regularity, they have all been fined in various sums and their premises struck off the register.

Numbers of these night-club managers have made more than one appearance before the court on similar charges.

Premises which were struck off the register months before and disqualified from being used again as clubs have made miraculous reappearances and have been "struck off" again.

This last strange fact does not seem to have created any great surprise among the learned Benches, and, apparently, it has not placed the law under too great a strain to "strike off" again premises already formally and solemnly "struck off," and therefore officially non-existent.

There is a truly priceless example of this peculiar legal view in the case of Mrs. Meyrick's club, the all too-notorious "Forty-Three."

In her case there were numerous convictions in regard to both the "Forty-Three" and the "Richmond" Club, which was on the same premises and owned by her or her nominees. Both clubs were "struck off," the "Forty-Three" several times.

During a period last year when the club was under a five-year disqualification, and actually whilst its proprietress was in prison, a JOHN BULL representative who visited the premises saw drink being served during prohibited hours with only the merest pretence at camouflage.

No obstacles

ON Mrs. Meyrick's last appearance before the court two months ago, the premises were again "disqualified for five years" and its proprietress sent to prison.

Yet JOHN BULL'S representatives who visited the club last week again saw drink being sold at all times during prohibited hours.

There seemed to be no difficulty in getting it, and if you did not mind it being brought to you in stoneware jars and served in tea-cups, and cared to pay the price, you could have any kind of "hooch" you liked to name—and as much as you liked.

The same staff was there, the same entrance-fees, and apparently the only noticeable differences were that these "disqualified" premises have been recently redecorated and the youngest member of the Meyrick family now holds the fort.

This nightly spectacle of flagrant defiance of the law is repeated in many other places throughout the West End.

All the efforts of the police to administer an impossible law have merely had the nett effect of driving the night-club business deeper and deeper underground.

The Goddard case shook public confidence to an alarming degree, and the reverberations have not yet died down.

Flagrant defiance

FOLLOWING that case, police powers of control over night clubs were limited in one direction and extended in others.

But the chief changes we can see are that each new night-club case before the courts is more sordid than the last; its managers and *habitués* more disreputable, and the law more flagrantly broken.

In their attempts to enforce a law bad and faulty in essence and spirit, their powers of supervision have become powers of repression. Repression has, in its turn, called up all the forces which are always against law, and order.

Besides the progressive decline in the nature and variety of West End night-club life, another side has shown itself.

Night clubs and drinking-dens of all kinds have sprung up in down-river haunts. The law's harrying and hunting has merely driven them out of town.

Here they flourish exceedingly. Large country houses are taken, furnished luxuriously, and have all the organisation and establishment of an exclusive club.

But inside is the atmosphere of Soho, the same *habitués*, the same staff, the same drinking outside the law, and the same exorbitant charges for it.

Almost the only difference is that the sale of drinks is more open; there is more immunity, since there is possibly only a solitary village constable, with a five-mile beat, to enforce the law.

Many of these establishments are run by West End aliens with many previous night-club convictions, and judging by the style of their appointments must earn enormous profits.

What is the moral of all this dreary night-club business?

It is simply that the law as it stands affecting the sale of drink on premises used as social clubs is unworkable. It must be drastically overhauled or cut out altogether.

The fundamental rightness of English law is that it is based on common public consent. The common law is merely common sense.

The farcical spectacle of the law in solemn judgment sentencing a delinquent night-club proprietor time and again for offences committed in premises which they themselves have ruled out of existence is one which cannot be viewed with equanimity.

There is radical fault somewhere. We have indicated the facts. It should not be beyond the wit of our legislators to find the fault and remove it speedily.

End this idiocy!

SOME of the results of prejudice in legislation we can witness over the Atlantic. The same methods could bring about speedily enough the same results over here. There are more affinities than nationality between some of our "night-club kings" and their compatriots in Chicago.

Therefore, we say that it is time enough to make an end and revise this idiotic night-club legislation.

2,500 *British workmen find the "Gay City" a change from Brighton*

Blackpool's lighting bill is £10,000 a year—but it's worth it!

The

Deck-chairs brought £10,000 to Bournemouth last year

The Alps are "it," say these British Boy Scouts

WHAT is the explanation of this vast movement of international multitudes all over the earth that we call the holiday season?

No one seems to know. It swarms across oceans, boards trains, and sweeps over towns and countrysides. It moves like a giant wave, flinging millions upon millions of money around as it goes.

The thing is a mystery—a phenomenon.

We are told of universal unemployment, world trade depression, lack of money everywhere, and yet. . .

All that is known of this great travel movement is that it began suddenly after the war and has continued, growing larger, ever since.

We call it an amazing transformation. But it is more than that. It is a complete revolution in human habit.

The holiday-maker to-day is welcome everywhere. Countries that once received him with coldness now greet him with warmth. He looms large in every national balance-sheet.

His payments are tabulated in international trade returns, Geneva chronicles his movements with much care, and even the great banks of the earth are compelled to legislate for him.

The object of contempt has now become the focus of importance.

In twelve years there has come into existence a colossal organisation that will soon rank among the wealthiest industries in the world.

The modern holiday-maker is determined to go farther, see more and spend more than ever. Lean times appear to barely affect him. He saves his money and makes his plans.

In great Britain there are as yet few statistics available to show the growth of the travel trade. Developments have been too rapid.

Two resorts — Blackpool and Bournemouth—provide, however, some statistics for convincing illustration. Each town may be considered as the leading resort for its particular type of holiday-maker, and each is in the forefront of municipal development.

Over a million people visit Bournemouth during the year. Six times as many go to Blackpool.

Bournemouth's influx has earned the town the right to call itself the lowest rated town in England, while Blackpool's 6,000,000 have jumped its rateable value 100 per cent. within ten years.

Easy money

There are no total receipts from holiday-makers at Bournemouth, but some details are extraordinary.

One million two hundred thousand people paid £10,000 for the privilege of sitting in a deck-chair. For using the sea hundreds of thousands paid altogether £7,000. Beach undertakings run by the municipality earned alone £57,800.

Bournemouth enjoys this huge rake-off with the minimum amount of outlay compared with Blackpool. There is something so regally generous about the Northern resort.

She makes no effort to benefit her residents at the expense of her tourists.

She uses their millions, in fact, to improve her estate for their benefit, adding to her already splendid facilities every attraction possible to imagine.

The result is that industry as well as the tourist gains.

The town spent, in 1929, £10,000 on lighting—representing a rate of 2d. in the pound—and thousands of pounds in advertising and publicity.

Does her enormous outlay pay?

It pays with staggering success. The six million visitors spend £18,000,000 a year in bracing Blackpool, and the receipts are still rising.

But it is in the field of entertaining foreign visitors where the big money lies, and in this direction Britain's footsteps are sadly lagging.

France, for example, kept open house last year to 2,000,000 tourists, and Britain provided the largest number—759,000. This is a great gain to France and an enormous loss to British seaside resorts.

It is estimated that these 2,000,000 tourists spent £100,000,000 in France!

Almost the whole of this huge sum was profit. The French National Touring Office, the official publicity organisation, had an income of only £30,000 last year.

Almost no money was spent abroad on advertising, and as few Frenchmen travel abroad for their holidays, other nations get small return for their tourists' payments.

But this long supremacy of France in the foreign tourist industry is now being challenged, and here lies Britain's chance of enjoying some of the golden harvest.

The bidding, however, is stern, and France will fight to keep her profitable monopoly. For the first time, Monsieur Tardieu has included in his new budget £25,000 for tourist publicity purposes.

To this sum will be added substantial amounts payable to the National Touring Office from municipalities, casino percentages, etc.

A great feature of the campaign to keep the trade is the new "Maison de France," which has just been erected in the Champs Elysees.

The rent of this magnificent building alone will be £40,000 a year. Half of this sum will be paid by the French railway companies.

Our puny efforts

In this vast, five-storey building will be represented the chief railway concerns, shipping companies, tourist-agents, the French Automobile Club, representatives of local tourist federations, etc., and the whole will be controlled by the National Touring Office itself. This organisation will occupy two floors.

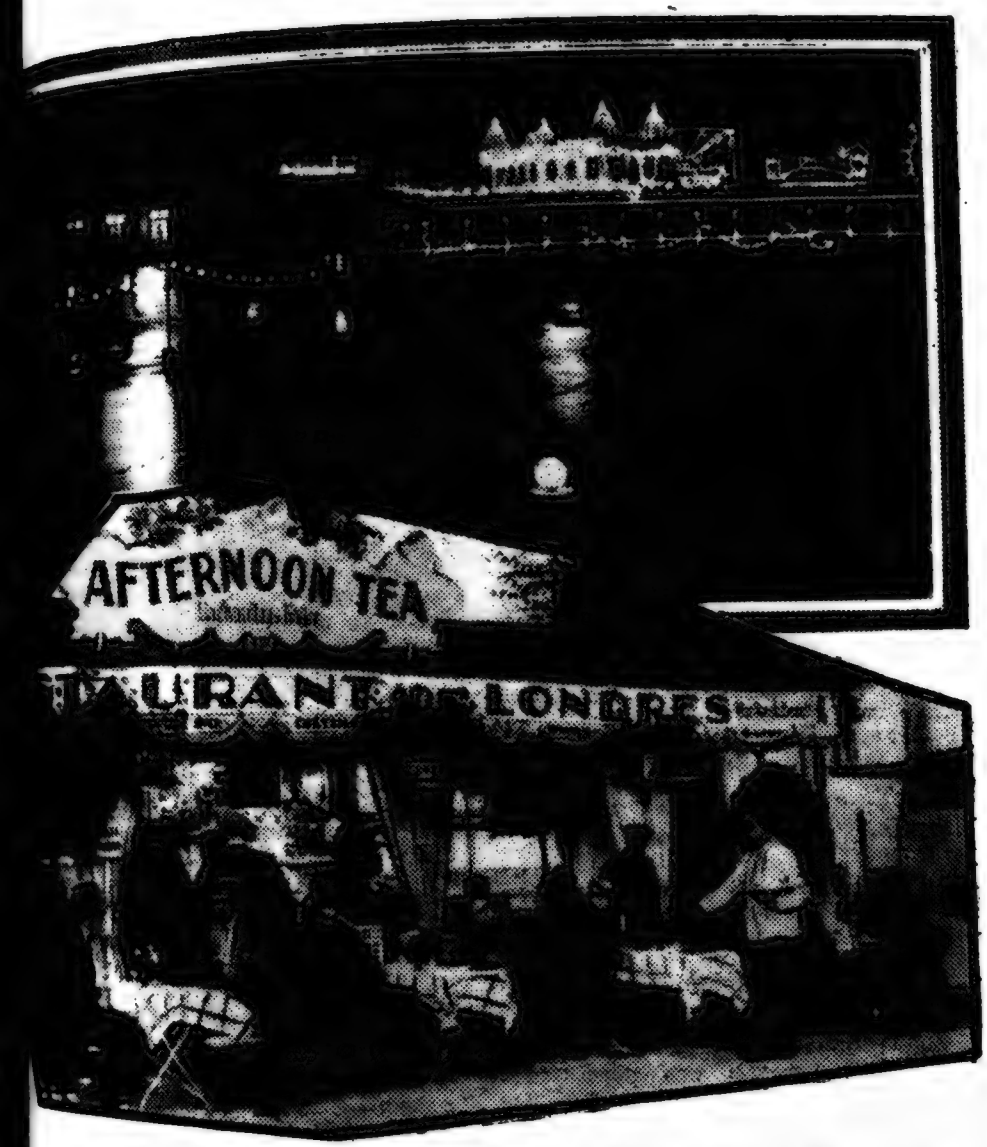
Apart from this and the Tardieu allocation, extensive sums of money are to be spent abroad on advertising and publicity purposes, especially in New York.

This powerful step forward shows our own puny efforts in poor light.

The Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland enjoys an income of about £18,000. It lives on half a floor in a modest building in the West End of London.

With its present funds it cannot fulfil any but a small proportion of its original programme. If, for

£500-Million Joy-Rush



Visitors from our industrial North are quite "at home" on the boulevards of Paris

instance, it decided to open headquarters in New York and Buenos Aires, as intended, it would immediately become bankrupt.

Yet nearly half a million foreign tourists entered Great Britain last year and spent £15,000,000. Many of them went to the seaside.

In return for helping to bring their custom, our health and pleasure resorts combined to hand the magnificent sum of £30 to the association to help along its good work.

A new outlook is obviously needed if Britain is to hold her own in this new travel trade, which is yearly increasing with such vast strides.

Among other large countries which are out to capture the tourist, Germany, Italy and Canada provide examples of efficiency hard to match.

Italy, for instance, pays the Compagna Italiana Del Tourismo, her official organisation, £50,000 a year. She spends abroad over £200,000 on publicity.

Germany wants us

Germany tops this figure with an outlay that can only be called sensational.

It is estimated that, including what was spent by German hotels, resorts, etc., on advertising, no less than £800,000 was spent during 1929 in New York alone.

Italy received in 1929 over 1,000,000 foreign guests. They left behind them £30,000,000. Germany entertained 1,250,000 tourists, who spent nearly £50,000,000.

But Germany, so far, is not benefiting from the English tourist to the extent she wishes.

The first six months of 1930 have only brought a small number of Englishmen to the Reich, and the psychological aspects of British custom are now being studied by a powerful German committee.

Big business

Canada is still more or less a partially inhabited country, but she is managing to attract £60,000,000 a year from American tourists, and the Royal Bank of Canada has accordingly classified tourism as one of the leading industries of the Dominion.

The United States suffers mostly from this outflow of tourist-spending with very small return, since few people outside neighbouring countries can afford to tour America.

It was estimated in 1928 that United States tourists carried £156,000,000 out of the country. Canada took one-third of this amount and most of the rest went to Europe.

Ex-President Coolidge has recently bewailed the fact that the amount of money Americans take to Europe every year would give work to 500,000 unemployed good Americans for a year at £200 a head.

The sum spent is twice the amount Europe is paying America on the debt settlement.

No wonder the United States views the annual exodus of its nationals with such disfavour.

She receives a mere £34,000,000 back from foreign tourists, and over half of this comes from Canada, and it can hardly be profitable to her great rail and steamship lines.

Canada receives twice as much from foreign tourists as other countries receive from travelling Canadians. Italy benefits seven times over on this score.

Few Italians, like Frenchmen, go abroad, and last figures reveal that only £3,000,000 was spent by Italian tourists outside the sunny peninsula.

Germany is now receiving as much as she is losing. Britain, of course, is losing heavily, although no statistics are available.

All want a share

It is only to be expected that such a vast field, where hundreds of millions of pounds are involved, should now be the focus of world attention.

Every country wants to share in this vast new industry and reap golden rewards.

The Commonwealth of Australia has sent a representative to Britain to launch a £100,000 publicity campaign to attract tourists to the continent's beauty-spots and pleasure-beaches. California is spending for the same purpose some £10,000 in London alone.

Poland, Norway, Sweden, Yugo-Slavia, Canada, Italy, West Indies, Bermuda and Germany are all planning new schemes of advertising and increasing their already palatial travel bureaux all over the world.

Against this British travel organisations maintain their own individual undertakings, and the Travel Association accordingly suffers considerably against the massed, government-supported onslaughts of other countries.

The German Government, through its various mediums, has provided valuable support for the Oberammergau Festival, and without that help it is doubtful whether 400,000 foreign visitors would have travelled to Germany to see the Play.

Everything proves that the needs of the times are for a powerful central organisation to link-up individual efforts in one giant control.

This is the era of travel. Great libraries, such as Mudies and the Times Book Club, report that travel literature enjoys the widest reading among the non-fiction book issue. The great public libraries support their contention.

Wake up, Britain!

It is obvious that no policy of propaganda can now force natives to spend their holidays in their own country if they desire to travel abroad.

Travel is becoming cheaper. The excursion-ticket is making the whole world journey where it never went before.

It is impossible to gauge the amount of money that is available for the purpose.

It is estimated, for example, that in Glasgow 600,000 annually leave the town for holidays, with £2,000,000 to spend.

For one Bank Holiday in London alone the banks are compelled to distribute £9,000,000.

No one can visualise to what heights the great holiday-making industry will eventually achieve. It is among the phenomena of the century.

And it is time that Great Britain started to peg her stake in this rich new field.

The attractions of this country must be given the widest possible publicity abroad—and at home.

There must be collaboration and unification in our plans, and we must be prepared to spend millions of pounds. Returns will be worth it.

This American visitor finds a new "thrill" in London

After lunch and dinner a man needs something different for a smoke *and a Manikin is different.*

For supreme enjoyment a Manikin is unrivalled–Satisfaction bubbles over as the mild nutty flavour rolls round the palate and care is banished as the cool blue smoke curls upwards.

The high quality of Manikins at their moderate price is possible because they are rolled from the delicate tip leaves too small for the large cigar yet *actually the sweetest smoke of all.*

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

HARDING'S INVALID CARS
Hand-driven also Motor and Electrically propelled, from £12 Carr. Paid. Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, and Folding Chairs from 3/- monthly.
CATALOGUE FREE
R. A. HARDING
1 Manvers St., Bath

GEORGE GODWIN,

Author of "Why Stay We Here?" the first war novel to chronicle the Canadian Contingent's experiences in France

Canadian War Writer's Real Life Story—

YOU know how it is? There you are, you and the neighbours about you, playing your humdrum parts in the play of day-to-day life.

Then Fate gives a sudden twist to the kaleidoscope of Circumstance, and the world is changed. It has happened to everybody at some time or other.

It happened to me on a train, crawling across the green face of Austria towards the ruined capital of the dismembered empire.

When such things happen in books, or on the stage, they call it drama. It is also drama when the stage is a lumbering train and the actors a cosmopolitan assortment of passengers.

The German lady entered the compartment when the train stopped at a small wayside station. It was soon after that.

The conversation came round, as it always did in Central Europe in those early post-war days, to the subject of *valuta*, or, as we say, exchange.

She talked well in the refined accents of Hanover.

From her quiet, well-cut costume and general air of breeding, I took her to be a member of that numerous but insignificant German nobility of the old *régime*.

On the Continent one does not sit and glare at one's fellow-passengers when there is a longish journey ahead. One talks. One is human.

And *we* talked of *valuta*.

GOODNESS knows what possessed us to exhibit specimens of the currencies of our respective countries. But we did.

I think it was the German lady who was the first.

She had the various denominations in neat little packages, each one wrapped in tissue paper. She had, too, fifteen thousand Austrian *kronen*.

A fat little Hollander produced from the secret place of his unbuttoned vest a golden *gulden*. It was passed round and greatly admired.

The fat Dane, whose English had been acquired in Boston, produced his fabulously valuable Danish money.

And the young Englishman, with some show of pride, showed first a crisp five-pound note, and then, from a capacious pocket of his overcoat, its equivalent in Austrian crowns.

Two hundred thousand of them. A tremendous roll!

It was after tea, when we were well on our way to the Austrian frontier, that the strange change came over our compartment, so that we all became protagonists in a real-life problem play.

A flushed and very excited girl appeared at the doorway. She addressed herself to the German lady.

She was a very pretty girl, with dark hair and strangely wide eyes. She was obviously suffering under the stress of intense emotion.

"The honoured lady," she began, "has been good enough to restore to me my handbag. Perhaps the honoured lady can tell me whether the bag was closed or open when she picked it up in the dining-car?"

"I really have no idea," the German lady shrugged. "Why do you ask?"

"Because fifteen thousand crowns are missing."

The dark face in the doorway fixed our attention. It was magnetic.

The German lady moved as though gathering her moral forces for action.

"How, fraulein, should I know what was in your handbag?" she asked icily. "It was closed. You left it on your seat. I restored it to you. Do you suggest that I abstracted the money?"

Behind the flushed face of the girl peered the square face of the conductor. He now took a hand.

"No, no; the fraulein certainly cast no aspersions upon the honoured lady. Certainly not. But the fraulein is poor, a housemaid—going to a new situation in Vienna."

He spread two enormous hands. "To her, fifteen thousand crowns is much money."

"Herr Conductor," the German lady began. "Look for yourself."

SHE placed a hand upon her bag. But she made no effort to facilitate any inspection of its contents.

"That I, the widow of a general-major of the German Army, should be suspected of theft! And by a housemaid! It is shameful."

"But the money was there," persisted the girl. "In my bag. The bag you returned to me."

Then in his slow, deliberate German, the young Englishman said:

"If the honoured lady had determined upon the theft, how very easily she could have taken the money and thrown the bag out upon the line."

This was certainly a shrewd point. I liked the young Englishman for it, despite our mutual knowledge of those fifteen thousand crowns in the handbag of the accused woman.

"Quite!" agreed the conductor.

The German lady sank back with something like utter relief in her face.

She moved her bag beside her—the bag she had not opened—and now looked round as though defying us to betray our knowledge of its contents.

The dark girl in the doorway turned her face to the conductor.

"And I," she panted. "Am I to lose my money?"

Then the young Englishman spoke again. "If the fraulein would permit it, I would be honoured if she would accept fifteen thousand crowns? It would be a great pleasure."

As he fished up from the depths of his pocket the great roll of Austrian crowns, a murmur of approval ran round the compartment.

The girl turned to the Englishman and spoke with emotion.

"But I don't understand," she began. "Why should you, a stranger and a foreigner, do this for me?"

Then we all remembered that the young Englishman had been standing about the corridor.

At that point I could make little or nothing of the problem myself. Restitution? Perhaps. A sudden temptation, the money lying there, perhaps, at his feet. And now remorse. Restitution in the guise of benevolence?

But then—the German lady. The fifteen thousand crowns in her handbag. She had kept that circumstance, that coincidence, dark. Fifteen thousand crowns. It was sinister.

At Passau, the dingy frontier town, we all bundled out, to be relieved of our superfluous cigars by the impecunious Customs officials.

And that was the last I saw of the players in this real-life drama of human psychology until I had been rather more than a week in Vienna.

FREQUENTLY during that time I had turned over the matter in my mind. But I could never feel quite certain one way or the other.

Then I chanced to move from the Hotel Bristol to the less pretentious Metropole.

When the chambermaid came in answer to my ring, I found myself staring, open-mouthed, at the girl who had lost her fifteen thousand crowns on the train.

She seemed somewhat embarrassed at seeing me.

"So you never found your crowns?" I asked.

She smiled a little, twisted smile and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"*I never lost them,*" she answered in a steady voice.

I gaped at her foolishly.

"Never lost them? How do you mean? I don't understand."

"Perhaps you will understand when I tell you," she said, coming across the room until she stood quite close to me.

"You heard her say she was the widow of a general-major? Yes?"

I nodded, mystified. "What of it?" I asked.

"This. My fiancé was a private soldier in the Army commanded by her husband."

She stopped and pressed a hand against her heart.

"He was condemned to death in the field. Unjustly, you understand?"

I indicated sympathy by expression and gesture and waited.

"Ah, it was terrible, terrible. I got through to Army headquarters. Oh, never mind how I did it. I got through."

I looked at the lovely face before me. Yes, in time of war, such a girl might get almost anywhere. It was quite conceivable.

She wrung her hands at the aching memory.

"I pleaded on my knees for his life. But he would not listen. He had no heart. He laughed at me. He made dishonourable proposals to me—to me."

She stopped and a tear ran in a swift flash of light down her cheek.

"He was shot. Shot like a dog. My Hermann. As a coward!"

I stood silent before such grief. It was not easy to find the right words in a vocabulary limited for even ordinary occasions.

Without another word, she turned, picked up my water-bottle and left the room. The tragedy queen had vanished in the competent chambermaid.

Then, by one of those chances more common in real life than one allows, I ran across the young Englishman. It was in Innsbruck, among the lovely Bavarian Alps, that I came upon him.

BARRÉ LYNDON

Writes Next Week's exciting True Story of—

"The Speed Duel"

Fifteen Thousand Crowns

"THAT I, the widow of a general-major of the German Army, shou'd be suspected of theft! It is shameful!"

Illustration by Starr Wood

It was evening. We sat talking with that peculiar freedom so easily attained with strangers, so hard to establish with those among whom we live from day to day.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, as we sipped our dry Martinis in the hotel lounge. "I certainly thought that German woman was a thief until I got to Passau."

"What happened at Passau?" I asked.

"They asked me how much money I had. I said 'Three bags full,' or its equivalent in German. They took it away from me. Fifteen thousand crowns was the legal limit recently fixed for the importation of money." He drew at my pale cigar and pondered this revelation. For my own part, having no German, I had escaped. For to every question I gave a firm "*Nein, nein*—No, no."

"It puzzled the affair. The German had had fixed on that amount in making her false accusation. Why? I suddenly saw the light.

"She had thought it all out. The German woman would undoubtedly know the new regulations and carry no more than the legal limit. The chances, then, were all in the girl's favour when she made her accusation.

I SMOKED for a bit in silence, thinking. I was still puzzled. A queer sort of revenge, surely, to make a false charge of larceny.

I turned towards my companion.

"What would that German woman have got in an Austrian criminal court if she had been charged and convicted of that theft?" I asked.

"A stiff sentence," answered my fellow-voyager friend. "But in Austria to-day that isn't the main reason why hardened crooks blench at the thought of prison."

"What, then?" I asked, intrigued.

"If you're free in Austria to-day," he explained, "it really means you're free to starve. Half the professional and skilled classes are starving. But in their prisons now it isn't semi-starvation; it's the real thing. Their prison population is literally a population of living skeletons."

Then, seeing the incredulity in my eyes, he added:

"It's perfectly simple to understand. The Government pays in kronen. But the krone, worth ten thousand to our shilling to-day, may be worth only half that amount to-morrow. Traders fight shy of dealing with the Government."

I now saw dimly the processes of that girl's mind. She had thought it all out. It would have been a terrible revenge, one, likely enough, involving death.

Is my story told? Not quite.

It was a month later that Fate gave the sudden twist to my personal kaleidoscope of Circumstance.

I had returned to Vienna. I had returned to the Metropole.

As I passed through the swing-doors of the hotel I had seen a familiar figure. It was the German lady of the train.

So here, it seemed, Fate had brought under the single roof these two women whose lives had become entangled.

That evening I strolled along the famous Ring and, being bored, turned into a cabaret where Vienna was trying to forget its hunger in false gaiety.

It was late when I returned to the hotel.

As I approached the hotel portal, a slim figure moved out of the shadows and flitted past me.

But not before I had recognised the pale, oval face and dark eyes of the girl on the train, the chambermaid of the hotel. She carried a light suitcase, and passed me with averted head.

I turned in and slept late, breakfasting in my bedroom on artificial coffee and rolls.

When I came downstairs, I sensed a suppressed excitement among the people of the hotel. It was as though those whispering waiters, those whispering reception-clerks, were conspiring against their guests.

I slipped a bundle of notes into the hand of the hotel porter.

"Now," I said, "just tell me what's all this mystery."

"YOU make no great talkings, saar, please, when I tell you?"

I promised.

"It vas las' night," he continued. "A lady vas killed herself by the jump from her bedroom vindow."

"Suicide?" I queried.

He nodded.

Suicide? Or murder? No need to ask the identity of the victim. I knew. I knew as surely as if I had looked down upon the dead body of that sallow German woman.

Ought I to have told all I knew?

I was booked to leave Vienna within a few hours. I did so. I took my seat in the train and looked about me.

The same oddly assorted mixture of nationalities. All bent on that Austrian travel that cost so very little then.

And presently the talk turned (as it always did in those days) to *valuta*, or, as we say, exchange.

I opened my week-end *Times* and buried my face in it. To that polyglot debate I had no contribution to make. *Valuta?* I had had enough of it.

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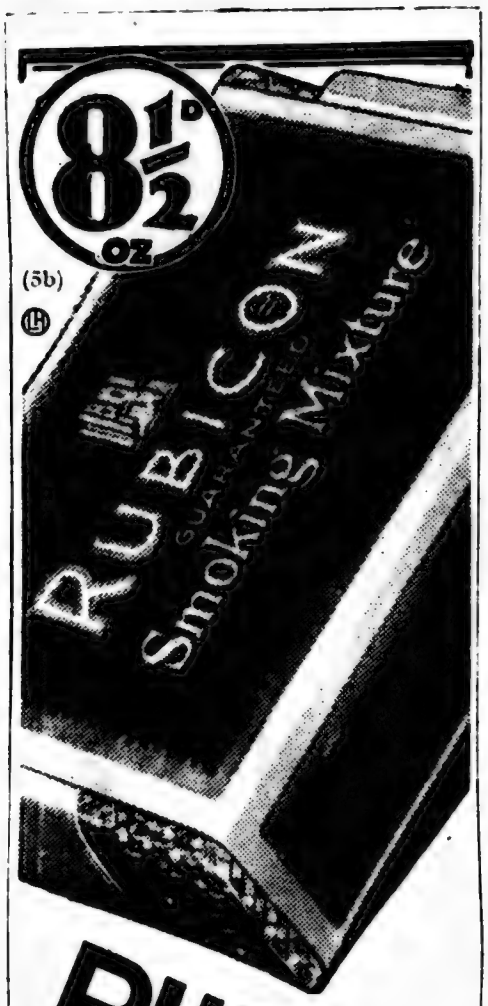

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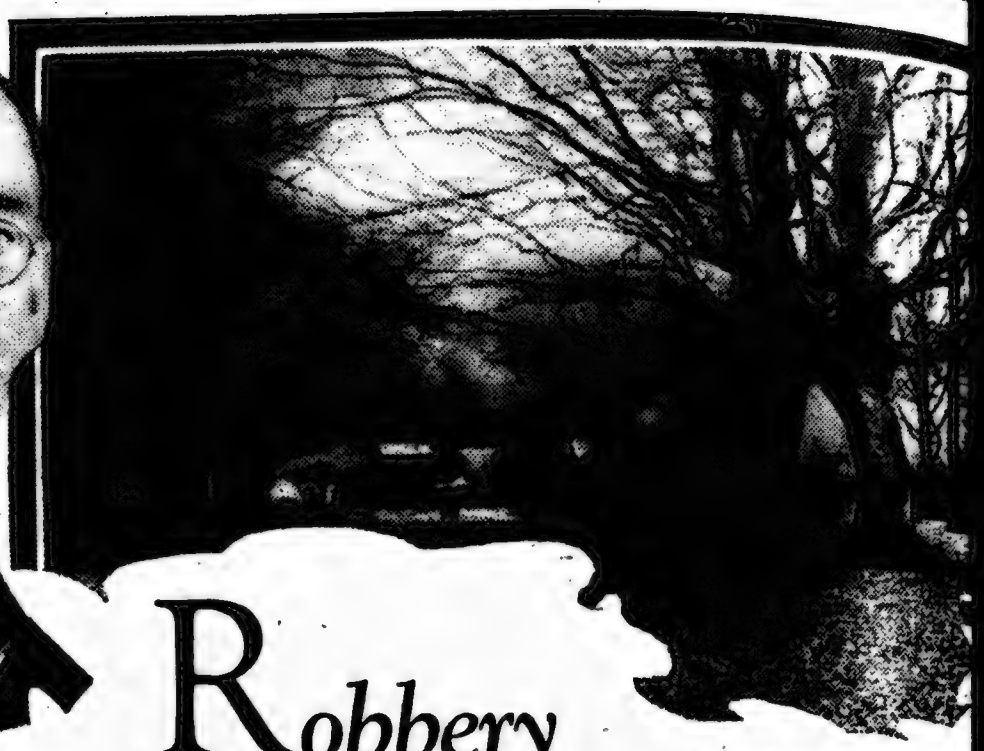

The New Forest has been resist encroachment for fifty years

Robbery behind the Hedges

No one would care to visualise England without her rambling miles of pleasant footpaths and byways or her countless acres of common land.

Yet there is a very real danger of the gradual but steady theft of their rights in the land from the people.

Already many pleasant rural corners have been lost to us, and others will inevitably follow.

We do not complain about lost rights of way embraced by the ever-spreading suburbs. That is sad enough in a way, but is unavoidable in the march of progress.

We are, however, very much concerned at the menace to beauty-spots to which town dwellers can migrate in brief leisure hours to stretch their limbs in sylvan surroundings and breathe health-giving air.

Quite recently, Sir Montagu Sharpe, K.C., chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, remarked: "We shan't have any footpaths left at Wembley soon."

He then granted an order to close or divert six footpaths in Wembley, two in Ealing and one at Hendon. Such acts are inevitable where the greater need of housing cuts across the once open country.

But in other places, where towns are not expanding, landowners all over the country have stopped public use of the paths.

Lost loveliness

At Orpington, in Kent, many paths have recently been lost in this way, while on top of the North Downs the loveliest paths of all have gone.

The same thing is happening in Essex, out beyond the great forest of Epping; at Reading, forty miles beyond the Metropolitan area, paths are now being stopped; and even in the beautiful Chiltern country, at Chalfont, old footways are fast disappearing.

Ramblers have nowadays to go further and further afield; motor traffic has rendered even remote country roads dangerous and nerve-racking for pedestrians—where can they go if the footpaths are closed?

Here and there a vigilant borough council or public-spirited parish council does what it can to safeguard the people's rights.

But, too often, the duty is left to a handful of sturdy folk, still to be found in some of the villages.

Not long ago the folk of Cudham, near Westerham, Kent, dealt for the second time with a newcomer landowner's attempt to close a path running through Frith Wood.

This path had been used for 150 years, and the villagers would not be intimidated by "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" announcements.

They sawed away a felled tree blocking their path, took down the notices, and, a hundred strong, demonstrated their rights by walking through the wood.

They were headed by an aged protestor of eighty-six, who had first walked the path more than seventy-seven years ago!

At Potter's Bar, Middlesex, a storm of protest was recently raised when someone erected a wire barrier to keep the public from using an old footpath at Brookman's Park, running from Bellbar to Essenden.

Twice this barrier has been torn down, and the fight still goes on, while another footpath across Brookman's Park to a railway-station has just been closed.

Last year, at Cockington, Devon, the public were deprived of the use of a way leading to a picturesque and historic old church.

The Cockington Church Council had to seek a High Court declaration of right of access to this right of way for parishioners.

Again, further to the west, the enjoyment of the breezes over and of access to the Cornish coast has been slowly, but surely, filched from the public, who were once able to ramble freely over many beautiful stretches of cliff walks.

Legal action

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has complained of the "speculative man who takes a piece of Cornish land and cuts off the ground on which our fishermen dry their nets."

The people of St. Breward, near Camelford, in Cornwall, recently found their local common was endangered through the setting-up of a number of old railway-coach bungalows and similar eyesores.

Legal action had to be taken before their land could be restored to its former condition.

It is a preposterous fact that thousands of our countrymen are forced into similar litigation every year, simply to maintain their rights.

The Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, which has Sir Lawrence Chubb as its secretary, deals with at least 2,000 cases of this sort every year.

The society has already secured more than 400,000 acres of commons which, now available for the ment of the public, would oth have been lost for ever.

But for the work of this s London would have been the poo many open spaces. Hampstead Battersea Park, Wimbledon Co and other "lungs" would have b unknown except by name.

In more remote parts, howe is almost impossible to keep an vigilant eye on the countryside.

Only by letting every villager that the fencing-in of their green or local common by an ar landowner—unless sanctioned Ministry of Agriculture—is an act, can we hope to arrest this

But in some instances the off parties are actually officials of G ment departments in Whitehal seem to forget that they are th people who should scrupulously the people's rights.

Official betrayal

Parts of Pirbright Common, S used since 1877 for military pu are to-day being offered for speculative builders by the War

In other words, having in past acquired the common for manœuvres, the War Office no poses to make a large speculati fit by selling the land for b purposes.

This land includes valuable spaces for children, which hav used as such for generations. section, some three and a-half in extent, is actually a school ground.

Another Government depar the Forestry Commissioners, r purchased and enclosed a plot known as the "Poor's Acre," on moor Common, near Hereford. poor folk have gathered their years.

In this instance, the parish has sold the land of which it guardian, and a petition pro against this vandalism has be sented to the House of Comm Mr. H. F. Owen, the Liberal for Hereford.

Such widespread encroachm public rights must be strenuou posed in the general interest.

We have already mentione splendid work that is being d the Commons, Open Spaces an paths Preservation Society direction.

But that the existence of society should be necessary me help the public to maintain rights is in itself a damnin demnation of the scandal.

Protection should be provi additional Acts of Parliament. are such Acts in being to-day should be brought up to date. this wholesale robbery of the land that remains to us.

"That'll be a fine one of you, Mary!"

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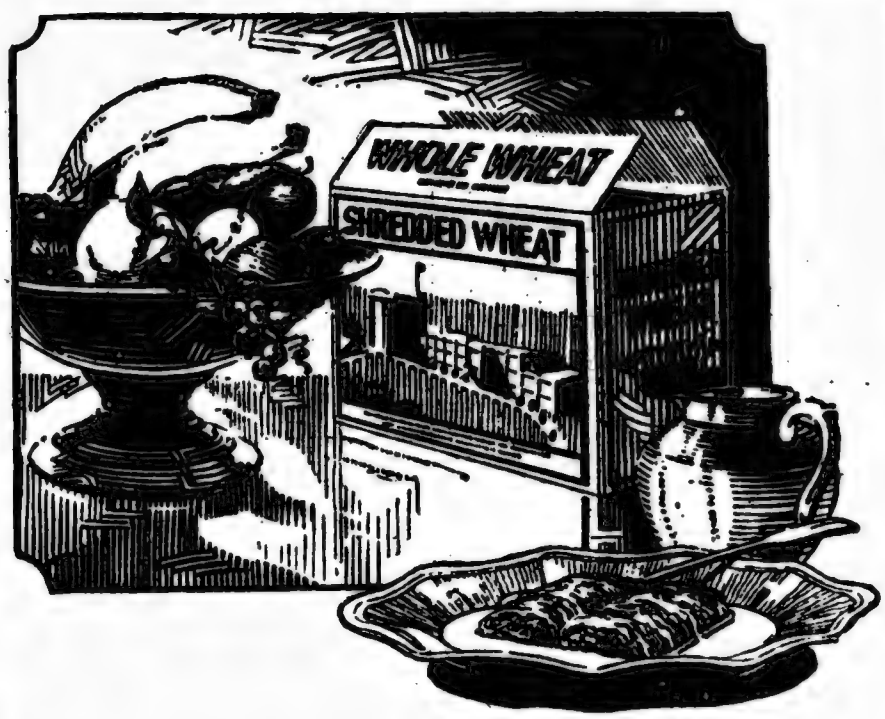

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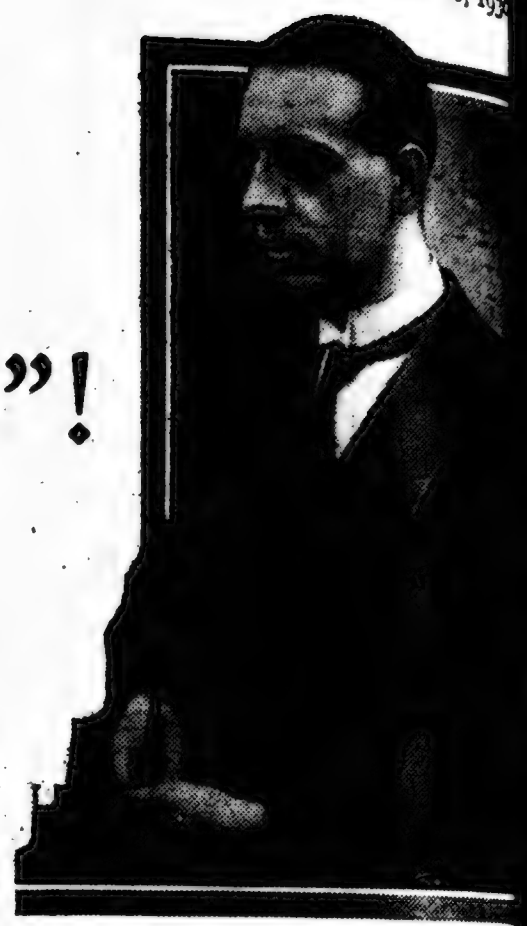


"It is doubtful whether the modern child is having as good a time as we had . . ."

by J. W. MARRIOTT,

an experienced teacher and the author of many educational works

THE happy-go-lucky home is the ideal place for a child, for it combines the maximum of liberty with the minimum of "fuss."

Children had a wretched time years ago. They were sent to schools where the masters were bullies, and where the elder boys found satisfaction in inflicting physical torture on the young.

Apart from physical cruelty, there was the suffering caused by continual supervision, cross-examination, and everlasting vigilance.

The poor child got the best of it there; he was not always being watched and "kept in his place." Nor was he compelled to be always presentable for inspection by visitors.

The religion taught to children was founded upon fear; the morals were based upon the idea that pleasure was sinful; and the great watchword "Duty" signified something hard and unpleasant.

Going to extremes

All this has been changed during the past twenty years, and we have gone to the other extreme.

The harsh schoolmaster of the Squeers and Gradgrind type is dead and buried; the stern father has suddenly become a "pal"; bullying has been abolished; and there is an amiable conspiracy to give the children a jolly and, if possible, a hectic time.

The pendulum has swung from one extreme to the other, and there is no doubt that we have been overdoing it rather badly.

A boy, like a dog, wants to have his day; but he should not be thrashed continually in the sacred name of discipline on the one hand, nor should he be treated like a pampered lap-dog on the other.

The truth is that the children of to-day are bored to death. In spite of all our kindness they are "fed-up," and it is doubtful whether they are having as good a time as we elders had a generation ago.

To begin with, the majority of us came from big families; and, with all due deference to Dr. Marie Stopes and the rights of women, the fact remains that the bigger families were morally healthy.

The only child

We did not get cream-buns and éclairs for tea every day, but we did get endless fun together, and we did hear the truth about ourselves from our brothers and sisters—which was all to the good.

The only child, or even the pair of children, spends far more time with adults, and receives all the attention which was formerly "spread out" over half a dozen children; and the games—the community-singing, the amateur theatricals, the charades, the high jinks, romps and escapades—are impossible with one or two.

It is true that the modern child has the wireless, the gramophone, the bedtime story, and the rest of it; but he has not the chance to play those exhilarating games that children invent for themselves wherever they co-exist in abundance.

Our parents could not afford to buy many toys, and those they did buy were extremely simple.

The toys of to-day are complicated and expensive—toy aeroplanes, trains, motors, telephones, battleships, and model towns; but the average healthy-minded boy can do more exciting things with a stick that costs nothing.

A stick can be used as a sword or a spear; it can become a horse; with the help of a handkerchief it becomes a flag of truce or a "Jolly Roger"; it can be made into the mast of a ship or a tent-pole.

Give a child a ball, a stick, a box and a tub—he will be happy for weeks on end; but buy him the most wonderful piece of clockwork machinery, and he will exhaust all its possibilities in a morning.

Children go to the seaside every summer as a matter of course, and the seaside does not give them the thrill that came to youngsters when the seaside holiday was regarded as a special treat that comes only occasionally.

The kinema bogey

Many adults take their children abroad. They go to Paris when they are ten, and Switzerland before they reach the 'teens.

The less ambitious holidays have become commonplace before they can be appreciated, and there are no new experiences in store for the future.

It is a bad mistake—bad diplomacy, bad strategy.

The kinema is often denounced, but always for the wrong reason. Police magistrates always blame the films when a boy runs away from home or attempts a bit of amateur burglary.

Years ago they blamed the "penny dreadful."

The morals both of the "blood" and of the kinema are unimpeachable. The virtuous are invariably rewarded, and the sinners come to a sticky end.

The real peril of the kinema is that the children live too fast.

They taste every kind of emotional thrill by "mechanised phantasy"; they see all the countries of the world; they go through the whole gamut of human experience—after which, naturally, comes boredom like an evil cloud, and its shadow never wholly lifts again.

Years ago, the visit to the theatre (probably the Christmas pantomime) was a great event which could be enjoyed in retrospect for months afterwards; but the children who are taken to the "pictures" twice a week suffer from chronic boredom.

Bored at ten

If a boy eats too much, his stomach rebels and internal peace is restored automatically; but the over-fed mind has no such power of revolt, and the effect is to produce mental apathy.

A child without enthusiasm is one of the saddest sights in the world. A child whose imagination is dulled with too much "amusement" is pre turely middle-aged, and this is al a tragedy.

Some of our illustrious psycholo declare that boys and girls shoul allowed to be whatever they like, hence we get the free-discipline sch which develop the personality.

It sounds excellent, of course, bu we civilised adults did precisely w we wanted to do we should soon be a position to study the organisatio a prison.

Boys and girls have the prime savage lurking within, and they m learn, sooner or later, that the sav must be kept under lock and key. is one of the most important lesson life.

Yet there is a school of education popular to-day, which teaches that pressed desires lead to nerves!

Apart from that, is there anyth so unutterably boring as being allo to do whatever you like?

There are other influences at w which tend to spoil the children to-day. It is undoubtedly bad fo child to have too little affection f the parents, but it is equally bad have too much.

Maternal affection can be a w form of tyranny than maternal dis

The person who is fighting for f dom knows that it is harder to esc from the people who are always he ing kindnesses on him than from th who treat him with deliberate cru

Samuel Butler declared that child should be separated from their par as early as possible in order to save soul alive.

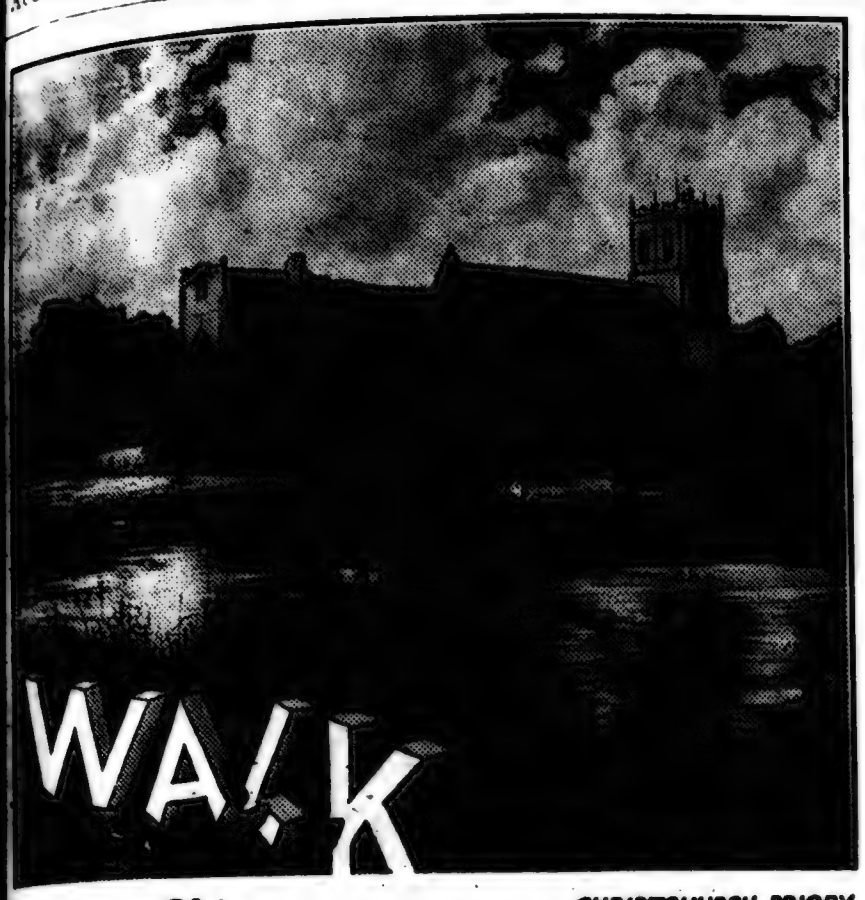
Backbone

Finally, we are always reading let in the paper asserting that the mod child has less "pep" than his fa had twenty-five years ago. They us that children are not so tough they used to be.

It is true, of course, in a way. there are two sorts of toughness. the old variety was the wrong Continual thrashing makes a boy to on the outside—like a crab or a lobs

But there is another kind of stren which lies within—the strength comes from the possession of "ba bone."

This vertebrate strength does come from cruelty, nor from pamper affection; it comes from self confide self-discipline, initiative, enterpr and it grows best in an atmospher liberty.



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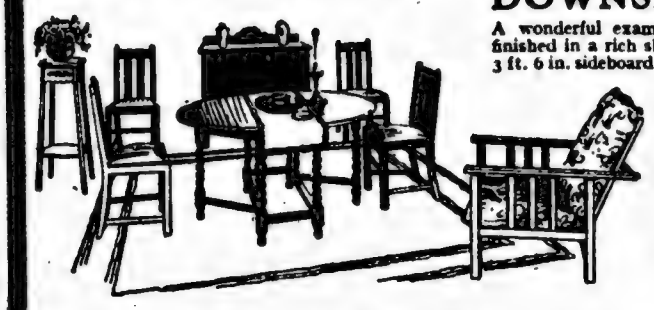

A wonderful example of a dining-room group finished in a rich shade of oak and comprising a 3 ft. 6 in. sideboard with 2 drawers and 2 spacious cupboards, £6 6s. od. A Gate-leg table 3 ft. 6 in. in width, £3 7s. 6d. Four small chairs with drop-in rexine seats, £1 5s. od., and an exceptionally well-constructed adjustable chair, £1 12s. 6d.

GROUP COMPLETE 15 Guineas
8/- Monthly After.

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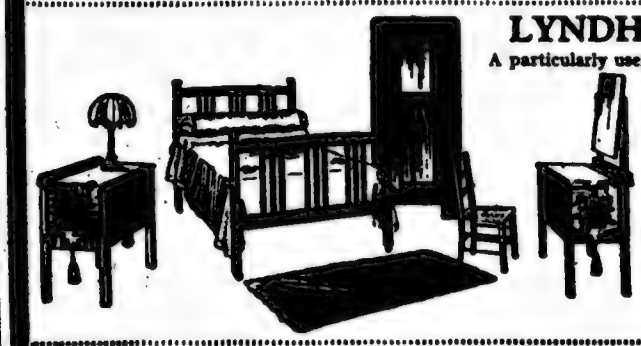

A particularly useful bedroom group in dark oak, comprising 2 ft. 6 in. wardrobe with hanging accommodation. Dressing table with 2 drawers and large frameless mirror. Dressing chest and 1 chair. Suite £14 10s. od. A well-constructed bedstead in oak to match, wire spring overlay, bolster and 2 pillows, £9 5s. od.

GROUP COMPLETE £22 10s
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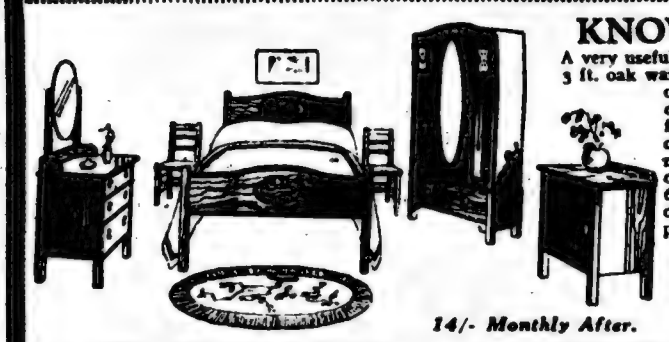

A very useful bedroom group, comprising 3 ft. oak wardrobe with oval mirror and one drawer. A very fine dressing table with oval frameless mirror and three drawers. Washstand with marble top and spacious cupboard and one chair. 4 ft. 6 in. double bed with spring overlay bolster and two pillows completes the group.

14/- Monthly After.

GROUP COMPLETE £27 10s.

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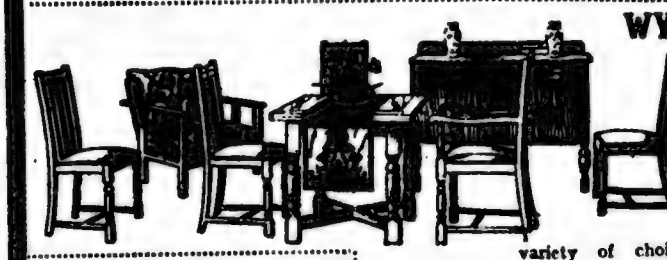

Attractive oak dining room group, very useful where space is limited, consisting of handsome 4 ft. sideboard with 2 drawers and spacious cupboards. Drawleaf table. 4 small chairs and 1 carver chair. A very comfortable adjustable bed chair covered in a variety of choice tapestries.

GROUP COMPLETE £29 10s.
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Daily Bread needs 'Golden Shred' -it's fine

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TALKIES MEAN STARVED MUSICIANS

THE ROBOT BEATS THE BAND

MUSIC, sweetest and most delicate of the arts, is to-day a ruthless and fickle task-mistress.

Scattered all over the British Isles are thousands of idle musicians, bewildered and beaten, wondering from where the next job of work is coming, where next week's rent is to be found, how, sometimes, to provide the next meal for a wife and family.

The "talkies" have talked them out of their livelihood. The tentacles of the robot have spread from Hollywood and snatched the bread and butter from their mouths. At this very moment workmen are "wiring" the sack to some poor unfortunates somewhere.

Fiddles and flutes and trombones lie silent in wrecks of homes, while "canned" melody splutters from its spool on to the white screens of the kinemas—a phantom blackleg.

Our Service bands are fine—but let them stick to the Service

In London alone there are over a thousand first-class men in quest of work. In the provinces there are thousands more.

They are, for the most part, men of refinement and temperament, artists to whose sensitive nature the sordid conflict with unemployment is particularly deadening.

Unconscious of the fact that such a blow as the "talkies" could descend upon them from the blue, the majority had not prepared for the "rainy day."

Hundreds starving

But their earnings were such that they cannot now draw State relief. More unfortunately still, their union is not able to grant out-of-work pay.

In not a few cases they have been driven to seek poor relief, an appalling humiliation. In several hundreds of other known cases they are holding body and soul together by taking odd jobs at starvation wages.

Their plight is all the more pathetic because they have few "friends at court." Government and local authorities which could rescue a vast proportion of them from the slough of despond hold out but a weak hand.

Every reader who is now at the seaside, possibly reading these lines while listening to the strains of melody, should hearken also to these astounding facts:

Thousands of the pounds you pay for holiday music go into the pockets of State-paid military bandsmen.

Last year the staff, cavalry and infantry bands of H.M. Services played for a total of 271 weeks at different pleasure-resorts, by which they had been engaged, while hundreds of civilian musicians were penniless.

Over 1,716 military bandsmen drew handsome remuneration from the public pocket. *The work they did would have absorbed two-fifths of the unemployed on the books of the Musicians' Union.*

And the same sort of thing is going on again this year.

It is estimated by an authority that a Service band is engaged at an average remuneration of £140 a week.

Of this, £20 goes to the band fund (for uniforms, equipment, instruments, etc.), £20 to the bandmaster, £20 towards expenses, and £80 or so to the bandsmen.

So long as thirty years ago the civilian musicians fought the Government on this whole issue. Successive Ministers of War have been approached since that time—but in vain.

Hopes ran high when the Labour Government came into power. Mr. Tom Shaw was approached, was sympathetic, but was reluctant to act.

There are Army bandmasters drawing as much as £20 a week "bunce." There are Army bandsmen making their £8 a week or more. The while there are skilled civilian conductors out of a job, and tip-top instrumentalists almost in the gutter.

Military rivals

In the winter months you will find members of crack Service bands walking straight out of barracks, immaculately clad, into the ranks of West End orchestras. The drill-square and that sort of thing is just a necessary evil.

But there is another side to the story.

These Service bandsmen—all very fine musicians—join the Colours in the expectation of handsome remuneration from outside engagements.

If the privilege were withdrawn, they would "buy themselves out" as speedily as possible, and the band would sadly deteriorate.

It is for Mr. Shaw to decide whether in future, Service bandsmen shall be adequately paid for their skilled services, leaving those who are not prepared to join for straight military band duties to remain outside and fight for the "plums" on level terms with their civilian brother-musicians.

Miss Margaret Bondfield is another Minister who could do much to ease the situation.

She admits herself without arguments that last year permits to enter this country were granted to no fewer than ninety-five alien dance and restaurant bands.

This is excessive. The winter season is drawing near, and Miss Bondfield's duty, in view of the prevalent unemployment, is to exercise greater discretion in this matter.

The London County Council, too, might do more for the unemployed musician.

Last year this body expended £12,000 on providing music in the parks. Of this sum something like £11,000 went to amateurs.

Lucky amateurs

That fact may have weighed on the conscience of the L.C.C.: for this year entertainments £2,000 was set aside for the professionals. That the latter contend that the proportion is shabby may be taken for granted.

Such bands as those of the G.P.O., the London Fire Brigade, the Gas Light and Coke Company, the Thames Iron Works and the Trunk and Omnibus Workers may discourse excellent melody, but the professional musician have as good, and better, stuff to earn for their livelihood.

The Metropolitan Military Band, the Band of London and the Professional London Band are first-class units. But the first-named, for example, has secured only six or seven engagements for the season.

"We cost more, naturally," said a representative professional, "but we ought to be given a little better show. The L.C.C. won't listen."

Perhaps the greatest victim of the "talkie" bogey is the elderly musician. He cannot compete with the young men of looks and personality, for "show purposes."

Poor "old-timers"

For years he has been hidden in the darkness of the band-pit, playing splendidly, but unseen. When he emerges into the glare of the limelight the managers say, "Poor old So-and-so, he'll have to go."

One other evil of the slump is the payment of miserable wages by the unscrupulous employer. With the unemployed so bad the "take it or leave it" attitude is struck.

Modern methods brought the "talkie." Modern thought and methods must bring relief to its victims.

DOCTORS SAY:

DON'T IGNORE INDIGESTION

YOUR doctor will tell you that indigestion should never be disregarded for it warns that excess acid is attacking the stomach lining and, if neglected, may even cause ulcers. The quickest way of relieving stomach trouble is to neutralise the acidity that causes it, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This not only instantly neutralises excess stomach acid and prevents fermentation, but soothes, and heals the inflamed stomach lining, thus repairing damage done and restoring good digestion. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder (mint or plain) and in handy tablet form, at 1/3 a package; doctors all over the world use and recommend it for all forms of digestive disorder.

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Smokers will welcome the introduction of "Sunripe Extra" Cigarettes, a new brand made by Messrs. R. & J. Hill.

"Sunripe Extra" are bigger than the average cigarette, and make their appeal on really sound quality instead of on free gifts. They are, in fact, the original size Sunripes, so popular a few years back, and sell at the usual price of 10 for 6d., and 20 for 1/-, packed in red cartons. Smokers will find that their slogan "For Size and Tone they Stand Alone" is fully justified.

PEDIGREE POINTERS

Speed or Stamina—or Both?

Winners can be found as readily from the Stud Book as from the Book of Form.

An occasional overnight coded selection from the Special Commissioner will be given in *The Sporting Life*. Key to code in weekly edition of *The Sporting Life*.

MAKE RACING PAY!

BEECH-NUT'S
flavour lasts surprisingly long
says Maurice Tate

Even in Test Matches BEECH-NUT plays a part. Listen to Maurice Tate, the great Sussex and England Cricketer: "In a gruelling innings a full easy action is essential to that length and pace which keep down the score.

"And it's surprising how much easier it is for me to bowl well if I have a piece of BEECH-NUT between my teeth. Somehow, I find it cools a parched mouth or throat on the hottest day, and its pleasant flavour lasts surprisingly long."

It is not surprising that BEECH-NUT, with its cool, clean flavour of Mint, is as welcome on the cricket fields as on Track, Tennis Court, Beach or Links.

Beech-Nut
Chewing Sweets

THE CLEAN, COOL FLAVOUR OF MINT **1D**

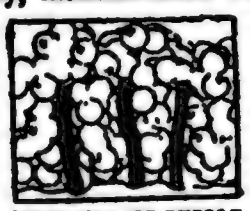
BN59

Colgate lather softens the beard completely
. . . before the razor starts its work

FEEL your face after a Colgate shave and you can tell the difference immediately—you have had a cleaner and a better shave—a shave that will last longer. The difference is due to Colgate "small bubble" lather.

When you lather up with Colgate's, two ...gs happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film which ...ers each hair; 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down ...ough the beard and soak it soft ...h water. Your beard is scienti... ...lly softened right down to the ..., softened where the razor does ... work.

...at is why thousands of men prefer Colgate longer-lasting shave every ...ning. There is no need to ...ve again in the evening.



ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER (highly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which cannot bring sufficient water to soften the base of the beard.

COLGATE LATHER (highly magnified) showing how small bubbles bring quantities of water right down to the base of each whisker.

...ring Stick and Refill, 10d. In Nickel Box, 1/-. Handy-grip Stick, 1/6.

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK
Gives a shave that lasts 2 hours longer

"You were right, Dad, my smoke is LLOYDS' BONDMAN"

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA
IN ONE OUNCE AIR-TIGHT TINS - 11D. PER OZ.

£650 awarded in "John Bull's" CROSS-WORD COMPETITION No. 74.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following twenty-one competitors, who thus share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £28 11s. 6d. will be despatched.

Bousher, Mrs. L., 70, Cross Lane, Salford.
Brown, H. A., 56, Park Avenue, Palmers Green, London, N.
Gregg, E. M., Homelands, Leatherhead, Surrey.
Hallett, F. H., 63, Ditchling Rise, Brighton.
Holmes, Miss E., 8, Back Mill Hey, Haworth, Nr. Keighley.
Horner, E., 3, Arnotts Buildings, Champney Road, Beverley.
Hunt, J., Brook Cottages, Ditton Junction, Widnes.
Marker, Mrs., 5, Homefield Cotts., Babbacombe, Torquay.
McGilvary, Miss J., 138, King's Road, Canton, Cardiff.
Miller, Mrs. W., Oakland Villas, Huthwaite Rd., Sutton-in-Ashfield.
Millward, A., 13, Central Avenue, East Dene, Rotherham.
Nash, J., 4a, Bath Street, Market Harborough.
Neesom, Mrs. M. E., 19, Grosvenor Street, Stretford, Manchester.
Penny, W. H., 1, Ainslie Street, Ulverston.
Pratt, Miss A., 3, Larkin Lane, Headington, Oxford.
Prentice, Miss E., 11, Ogle Terrace, South Shields.
Riggall, Mrs. A., 412, Market Street, Whitworth.
Rogers, F., 164, Carlton Hill, Nottingham.
Ruthven, Mrs., 43, Gt. Western Road, Glasgow.
Smith, E., 6, Pearman Road, Bearwood, Birmingham.
Stock, G., 44, Crescent Road, Plaistow, London, E.

Solutions containing two errors were received from 117 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving 8s. 7d., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the JOHN BULL *offices.*

Another £600 X-Word appears on Page 32

Try Your Skill Now!

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Heller when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 R.H.), London, W.1

SHOULD HE DENOUNCE A

Guilty Friend

WHO SAVED HIS WIFE?

TEN years ago I was tramping the streets in search of work. My wife was seriously ill and the rent so badly in arrears that we had received notice of distraint on our furniture.

I was in the depths of despair when I fell in with a man who had once been my battery commander. He now occupied a highly responsible position.

My friend proved a Good Samaritan. He redeemed my home, set me on my feet, and sent my wife away to regain her health—all at his own expense.

I have been taken into his firm, and step by step have been advanced, until I now occupy a position directly under him.

Two years ago I began to notice a slight change in my benefactor. His manner became irritable. He was obviously worrying, but this I thought might be due to the increasing responsibilities thrust upon him.

A few days ago, quite by accident, I stumbled upon the truth. For years my friend has been systematically swindling our employers. His defalcations must be enormous.

I immediately sought a private interview with my benefactor. He was taken aback when I told him of my discovery, but did not try to hide the truth. On the contrary, he confessed everything.

He tells me that three years ago he was deliberately trapped into a compromising situation with a woman. He has since been pestered by a gang of blackmailers, and has been bled white.

When his bank-balance became exhausted, he sank further into the mire by borrowing from money-lenders.

When they in their turn harassed him he began to "borrow" from the firm in the hope of extricating himself.

So far he has been able to hoodwink the auditors, but discovery cannot be long postponed.

Realising this, he is acting on the principle "as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb" and plunging into wild speculation, with the gambler's usual hope of a lucky throw.

If it comes off, well and good. If not, he declares he will blow out his brains.

I feel my own position perfectly intolerable. My friend depends on my sense of gratitude, and I, too, feel it unthinkable to betray him, especially as I may, by one revealing word, precipitate a horrible tragedy.

"HUMANIST" says: Urge your friend to pull himself together and play the man. If he confesses, his firm may help him to retrieve his position.

If not, your duty, however painful, is perfectly clear. Even deep gratitude to a pal who once pulled a fellow out of a hole does not excuse compounding a felony.

GIRL IN THE CAR

causes trouble

EMPLOYED by the head of a large business firm, I drive him to and from business and in the intervals keep in condition his two powerful and expensive cars.

Some time ago I was courting a pretty girl, and met her at every available opportunity.

One evening, when walking together, we passed the garage where my employer's cars were kept. She stopped and dared me to take her a short run.

I succumbed to the temptation to give her pleasure, though all the time my nerves were on edge for fear the car should be missed.

Rounding a bend in the dark, I crashed into a telegraph-pole. Luckily neither of us was hurt, though we both suffered from shock. We left the car unattended and walked home.

I left my girl at her own door, a[s] she had given me her word of hon[our] never to breathe a word of the nigh[t] adventure.

I then went to the garage and th[en] open the doors, leaving my emplo[yer] to think that it had been broken i[nto] and the car stolen.

The next morning I reported [the] affair to the police, and when later [the] car was found smashed I was ne[ver] suspected.

My employer had the car repair[ed] and it is now again in perfect runn[ing] order.

Ever since this affair I have fou[nd] myself losing interest in the girl, a[nd] I have grown so tired of her that af[ter] a quarrel I told her we were part[ed] for good.

She sneered at me, adding th[at] unless I renewed the friendship [at] once she would write straight away [to] my employer and tell him the full st[ory] of the joy-ride and the car smash.

Her threat is destroying my fitn[ess] for work. I have been nine years [in] my employ, and have a good berth, [to] which this blackmailer is bidding f[air] to rob me.

"HUMANIST" says: Make a cl[ean] breast of your folly to your emplo[yer] and ask to be allowed to pay the co[st] of the car's repair.

Whatever the outcome, you'll [be] more of a man than the skulking [fool] you are at present.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

THE COWARD

and his lover

TACITLY engaged for five years [to] a man whom I learned to l[ove] with my whole heart, we [have] not ratify our betrothal in [the] usual way with a ring, because wh[en] he fell out of work he said he thou[ght] it fairer to get on his feet first. [I] agreed, and he went abroad.

Throughout the whole of this t[ime] we never failed to exchange a wee[kly] letter, and from his I gathered th[at] he had prospered and was doing w[ell].

When he informed me he was co[m]ing home for the summer, I was ov[er]joyed, and confidently expected th[at] our marriage would follow.

But when he arrived I noti[ced] changes. First, he hinted that [the] climate of his adopted country w[as] trying to an Englishwoman, and I m[ust] go to my doctor to find out whet[her] my health would stand it.

I thought this rather strange, [as] as our doctor is also a family frie[nd] I agreed. He examined me carefu[lly] and pooh-poohed the idea of any s[uch] climatic change affecting me.

WHEN I reported this to my lo[ver] he appeared far from pleas[ed] and said, even putting health on [one] side, the conditions of life abroad w[ere] rough and totally unsuited for a w[oman].

I am terribly upset, for I gave no[tice] to terminate my employment in v[iew] of getting my trousseau ready for [an] early wedding, and my employers h[ave] already filled my place.

My lover doesn't say straight [out] that he wants to end the friendsh[ip], and I really do not know what to [do].

"HUMANIST" says: It appears q[uite] clear from the man's behaviour th[at] he does not wish to marry. The [dig]nified thing, therefore, is to let h[im] see you don't care and look out fo[r] fresh situation.

Nothing but misery awaits a wom[an] who sticks to a man who is trying [to] shake her off, so why break your he[art] about it?

Homely Wisdom—

—*by* CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Soul's Kingdom

I HAVE been having a little correspondence with a JOHN BULL reader residing abroad who disagrees with me on the subject of the cure for unhappiness.

The disagreement is not as profound as he thinks, for I readily admit his main contention, which is that happiness and unhappiness are largely a matter of temperament.

He writes: "You must be aware from your extensive acquaintance with human nature that there are some people whom nothing can depress for long, who bob up like a cork after every misfortune and have the capacity for remaining bright and cheerful in the worst circumstances.

"On the other hand, there are those who, from the cradle up, are ever disposed to look on the dark side of things and whose natural condition is one of melancholia and unhopefulness."

Yes, I know all this. I know, too, that one's state of health has a great deal to do with making one happy or unhappy; it is difficult to be cheerful when one is suffering from a poisoned system.

FURTHER, there are many good, lovable folk who are so unceasingly kept on the strain with the effort to make ends meet and keep home together for their dear ones that they cannot relax, and in time become like poor, jaded beasts of burden with none of the joy of life left in them.

One need hardly put the case more strongly. There never was a sounder, more sensible, Englishman than the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, and he suffered grievously from heaviness of heart.

His greatest dread was that of being alone, and this was the reason why he cultivated the club habit so assiduously; at home and solitary he was chronically sad.

Now, is it true that any man or woman, however handicapped by native disposition, ill-health or troublesome circumstances, is permanently condemned to the gloomy prison-house of mental depression? I emphatically declare that it is not.

THE eminent psychologist, Dr. William MacDougall, who knows normal and abnormal human nature about as well as any man living, bids us distinguish between sorrow and unhappiness. None of us can escape sorrow, he says, but we ought not to be unhappy.

Unhappiness is the result of inner discord, and it is within our power to get rid of that by following a clear line of duty and refusing to fret about the unattainable.

I would venture to add to this dictum a statement that my own experience justifies. It is that joy and sorrow, peace and pain, are not mutually destructive; they can exist in the same heart at the same time. The blackest sorrow carries some comfort with it if you know you have done your best.

How well I remember a mourner saying to me at the graveside: "There is a little ray of sunshine piercing the cloud of my grief to-day, the remembrance that my love never failed the one who is gone."

Look away from yourself all you can when things are dreary, and occupy your mind with what is worth doing: it is a wonderful help to blitheness of spirit.

Andrews £650 Competition Results

Winning Title:—
"FIT TO BE PRESENTED AT COURT"

(K10)

1st Prize of £250 awarded to:

Mrs. Hilda Gustard, 23 Shop Row, Philadelphia, Co. Durham.

2nd Prize (£100)

Mrs. A. O'Neill, 31 Hayfield Road, Pendleton.

3rd Prize (£50) divided between

Mr. H. M. Howell, Combe Ridge, Combe Down, Bath. | Mr. M. N. Evans, Leighside, Bishops Down, Tunbridge Wells. | Miss J. Cresswell, 27 Chantry Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

5 Prizes of £10 each; 10 Prizes of £5 each; 50 Prizes of £1 each; and 200 Prizes of 10/- each, have also been awarded and posted.

Andrews Liver Salt

GO WHERE YOU LIKE.

DO WHAT YOU LIKE.

YOU CAN'T *UPSET* THIS "CHAP."

Perfect for Portables

It is non-spillable simply because there is no liquid to spill. The specially developed jellied electrolyte takes its place, so that in addition to being safer in use, it is far more compact than non-spillable types fitted with cumbersome acid traps.

More and more portable set manufacturers are turning to the C.A.V. Accumulator in their search for an efficient, compact and really safe battery.

They are perfect for portables and are also exceedingly popular for the home cabinet set. They are recharged in the same manner as the free acid type.

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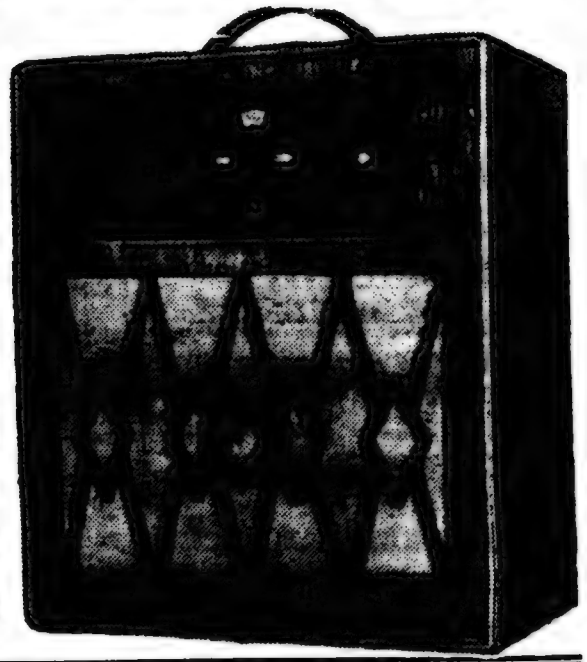

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Strongly made case, best quality fittings and lid Pocket for 8 Records. Latest improved Sound Box. Non-Spillable Needle Box. 10 in. Plush Turntable and exceptionally strong Motor. Rich and beautiful sound reproduction.

You can also have the Gramophone with 26 Best quality Records FIRST and collect your coupons afterwards.

For 295 coupons

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Plain Cork or Ivory Tipped

20 for 1/- 10 for 6°

FREE COUPON

25 Bonus Coupons FREE.

Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope and enclose one empty carton of Navy Club Cigarettes to

L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B. 20), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send me 25 FREE Bonus Coupons, with list of gifts and particulars of

HOW I CAN GET AT ONCE,

without any cash payment whatsoever, the "DENNIS" Super Five-Valve Portable Wireless and/or the "CHELLOPHONE" Portable Gramophone, with Twenty-six 3/- records, and

COLLECT COUPONS AFTERWARDS

I enclose one Navy Club empty carton.

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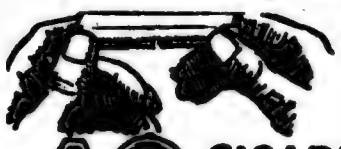
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In the case of either Children or Adults suffering from Enlarged or Septic Tonsils, Adenoids or Nasal Obstruction before reading my pamphlets sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp. Consultations daily. Phone: Mothers 2138. Advice by post for successful home treatment.
Lt.-Col. KYNASTON,
Room 2, 17, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Why I Want —DON'T WANT— to live to be 100

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 19.

Why I'm Better— or Worse — than My Parents

THE magic of this world fascinates me. Fun, laughter and love warm my heart. Daffodils, roses, purple moors, and frosted trees delight my eyes. Give me 100 years of them.

Let my dreams and labour bear fruit that I shall see disease conquered, war abolished, poverty eliminated, and a real League of Nations enshrined in each heart.

Long life I ask. A springtide of preparation; summer and autumn of glorious usefulness; winter of priceless, earned memories and affection. Peace after victory over doubt, despair and self.—*Lover of Life, York.*

Enough

In forty years I have lost most of my teeth and a large area of hair; for twenty-five years I have worked fourteen hours a day; twenty years have turned my quiet country lanes into noisy motor-speedways; sixteen years ago the war took all my friends away, all killed except me.

For ten years the air above my cottage has thundered with the noise of aeroplanes from the neighbouring aerodrome; for five years I have been engaged in rearing a family of sons who will be just in time to get killed in the next war.

Is it likely that I want another sixty years of it?—*J. S., Newbury.*

Mother's Reason

Why I want to live to be 100 is because I am the mother of nine children, and want to be a mother to them as long as possible.

I should be able to tell my grandchildren and even my great-grandchildren things that had happened during my past life that would interest them.

It would also be a pleasure for my children to say they had a mother for so many years.—*F. Rapley, Southwater.*

Afraid

I don't want to live to be 100, because, frankly, I'm afraid.

I'm afraid of the new and more horrible devices of war, afraid of traffic, afraid of aeroplanes whizzing over my head, afraid of flying 'buses hovering over me.

I'm afraid of unseen eyes peering into the privacy of my home, of unseen ears listening to all I say, and even of machines reading and recording my very thoughts.—*W. J. Thomas, S. Wales.*

Poor Old Souls!

Live to be 100? Good heavens, no!

I don't wish to become like the poor old souls, who, every Friday, with rheumy eyes, shaking hands and tottering limbs come to the post-office for their ten shillings.

With that weekly example in front of me, an early death, please.—*Post-Office Clerk, Glos.*

Four-hour Day

Seventy years hence a higher standard of living will assuredly prevail. There will be a fairer chance for all in the struggle for existence.

Man will have more leisure. His working day may only be four hours.

Machines will be used correctly—that is, they will be made to relieve the labour of the operative as well as increasing the profits of the owner.

Travel facilities will be greater. Every man will have a house complete with garden and bathroom. Electricity will ease the housewife's burden. People generally will lead wider, fuller and happier lives.

I should like to be here then.—*A. H., Birmingham.*

On the Shelf

If I knew I would turn out to be a sweet old lady like one I know, with glorious white hair, a happy smile, memories of a happy married life, with a husband who adored her, I should want to live to be 100.

But I haven't a husband to adore me; I haven't any memories to live on. I should just be one of the surplus millions of sour old maids.

So, unless life alters quickly, I don't want to live to be 100 and a burden to the country.—*Spinster, Northampton.*

Happy Era

I want to live to be 100 to witness the dawn of the year 2000 with the attendant advances in science, art and religion.

I hope to be living then in an [illegible] which will be electrified, where atomic forces will provide driving power, and airplanes will fly with Nature's forces rather than against them.

Then man's energies will be employed against the wilful destruction of human life and directed to the further conquest of Nature and the utilisation of her resources for promoting civilisation and the happiness of mankind.—*Fred Robinson, Siddal*

Out for a Duck

It would be good to score a century in life's innings, provided it was done for the benefit the rest of the team and not for self-gratification.

The pitch of life is full of bumps and holes; many "googlies," etc. are sent down to try us; but if we meet them all with a straight bat, then the hundred is worth striving for.

But if I could not play the game straight; could not or would not give a helping hand; was no longer useful and became a burden on anyone, I'd rather be out for a duck.—*William Dell, Glasgow.*

Gas-Bags

I have lived long enough to be known as a stodgy Victorian. In that era of stodge Britain gained a supremacy in literature, invention and trade over the world, a supremacy that the rather blatant Georgians are rapidly losing.

I should like to live another few years for the satisfaction of hearing the present time alluded to as the "[illegible] bag era."

Some such term is sure to be used, and it is always a pleasure to be able to say, "I told you so!"—*Victoria Hove.*

The Miner's Dream

I want to live to be 100 for the following reasons:

All my working life has been spent toiling in the bowels of the earth, away from the fresh air and sunshine.

At the age of sixty-five I shall retire on my old-age pension. That means that if I live to reach 100 I will enjoy thirty-five years' fresh air and sunshine plus thirty-five years' pension.

What do I gain if I die at sixty-five?—*T. C., Larkhall.*

Ends Apart

I have worked hard for nearly three years. I do not smoke, neither do I drink. I have never been extravagant.

And yet I, and many of my friends who have worked years longer than I, cannot afford a holiday.

What does life mean to us? It means toiling and moiling, scraping and scratching from the cradle to the grave, battling to make both ends meet, and the ends rarely meeting.

Fancy living that kind of life for 100 years.—*John Williams, Dowlais.*

• • •

Lights Out

I would prefer to be switched off like an electric lamp in its full glow than fade out like a spluttering candle.—*E. Thomas, Carnarvon.*

To be photographed leaning upon two sticks and to be interviewed and cautioned "100 years old to-day" does not appeal to me in the least.—*Melbourne Lloyd, Newport.*

Where the cradle has become a luxury the grandfather's chair is bound to be a nuisance.—*William Wright. City bank.*

I should just hate to see a sallow lined face and toothless mouth reflected in my mirror, though I suppose that by then I shall be beyond caring.—*D. M., Kent.*

The only truthful centenarian was the one who, when asked the secret of his long life, replied that it was because he couldn't help it.—*W. McC., N.B.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Don't Back this Outsider

ONE of my provincial correspondents has been taken in and done for. He is not financially embarrassed, as the "bite" was only for sixpence, but a few words of warning may save others from making his mistake.

Under the impression that he was obtaining my information, he purchased a sixpenny envelope, on which was printed:

"Latest from the Course.
John Bull's Race Wire."

Embossed on the envelope was a typical "John Bull"—minus the bulldog—and inside a slip giving three selections and the following memo:

"Gentlemen,—Two late S.P. coups will be sent out as a trial by special letter next Wednesday. Worth a £10 note.

"Post 1s. and stamped addressed envelope to John Bull's Wire, 24a, Blythe Street, Birmingham. Daily letters 1s. each or 5s. for 6."

It is to be hoped that the late S.P. coups were better than the three starred selections, Leonidas II., Avonford and Blue Lad, all of which lost.

I have mentioned before that I do not send out wires of any description. The only JOHN BULL racing service is the Code.

The racing at Windsor and Redcar this week-end is of no great importance, but finding the winner of a moderate prize can be just as remunerative to the wise backer as spotting the Derby winner.

Money talks at racing, and those who listen-in and follow the market at Windsor usually come out on top.

I think Hot Bun, engaged in the Summer Handicap, should be given another chance, and suggest Lady Palatine colt and Candover as a likely double.

Trains N.P.B.—F. Templeman

N.P.B., desperately unlucky at Brighton, is the "goods" for the Redcar Handicap.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 14, to Wednesday, August 20.

B A Q X T L 3 R D 5 C F M E O
N W K 2 S 9 H I G U Y P V J Z

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. TRBDWFZIJ would read SINGAPORE.

"SILVER RING."

They're wonderfully soothing!

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT

CIGARETTES

Plain or Cork-Tipped

The value is in the cigarettes.

C.C.20

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

NEW IDEA MAKES THIS AMAZING DIFFERENCE IN FACE POWDERS

Stays on all day in spite of wind, rain, heat, or perspiration caused by dancing.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full.

The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions. 1/- a box; large box (double 1/- size), 1/6. Compacts, 1/3, Refills, 9d.

POUDRE TOKALON

The Mousse of Cream Face Powder

...For the loveliest, healthiest skin, use these three *Germolene* products.

HOW few modern English women boast of complexions as perfect as they could be—and *should* be! Most women still don't realise that a lovely skin has *first of all* to be a healthy one—otherwise, all the "skin creams" and cosmetics in the world won't produce a lovely result. Before you try anything else to improve your complexion, use these three Germolene preparations. Nothing else can bring such perfect results more quickly and permanently—even if your skin is spotty, affected with rash or more serious complaints.

***Germolene*—Aseptic Skin Dressing never smarts, leaves no scars!**

Germolene is sweet and cool. Its ASEPTIC action makes sore places surgically clean—painlessly ejecting germs and poisons—without the *inevitable* smarting of most antiseptic dressings. Extra-quick healing—*without scars!* One dressing usually does more good than tin after tin of cheap ointments. **Price 1/3 & 3/-**

***Germolene* Blood Tonic and Purifier**

To revive a "lifeless" complexion and remove blemishes *permanently*, the life-giving blood-stream must be kept rich and pure. GERMOLENE BLOOD PURIFIER & TONIC will bring wonderful results, surprisingly quickly. Try it! **Price 3/- and 12/- per bottle.**

***Germolene* Medicated Toilet Soap . . . your everyday beauty treatment**

This dainty, perfectly balanced soap—charged with the famous ASEPTIC properties of Germolene—not only cleanses, but heals and beautifies at the same time. Follow the example of dozens of famous footlight favourites—make GERMOLENE Medicated TOILET SOAP your everyday beauty soap, for toilet, bath and shampoo as well.

6d. per tablet.

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING | BLOOD TONIC | MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

Superfluous Hair

Gone in 3 Minutes!

VEET not only removes ugly hair on arms and legs instantly, but delays its re-appearance for an amazingly long time.

1 Just apply Veet, a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.

2 After two minutes, wash away the hairs—not even a shadow remains.

3 And the skin is left as soft and white as if there never had been any ugly hair.

4,000,000 Users

NO UNPLEASANT ODOUR, NO IRRITATION, NO BRISTLY RE-GROWTH.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture

SENT ON TRIAL

If you have tried most everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(468J) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2
(468J) 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book, and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....
(Please write plainly) .....

BREAKING OUT FOR 12 YEARS

Of a Dry Nature. Skin Used to Scale. Cuticura Healed.

"My trouble started when I was fifteen years old and bothered me for twelve years. I had a breaking out on my elbows and knees. It was of a dry nature and formed a red ring and the skin used to scale off. I did not get much sleep during the summer months, and had to keep my arms bandaged.

"I tried other remedies but the trouble kept spreading. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more and in six weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Maud Bedwell, 123, Regency St., Westminster, London, S. W. 1, Eng.

Don't forget to shampoo your hair frequently with Cuticura Soap.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 3s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

LESS THAN 6D PER GALLON GOOD

HOME BREWED BEER!
A Delicious and non-intoxicating drink brewed at home from
MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS
Buy a 9d. bottle today from your grocer, chemist or stores & become your own brewer
NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM.

You'll be up in the Clouds if you win "JOHN BULL'S" CROSS WORD

THE R100 has flown the Atlantic, but YOU can go one better and fly with JOHN BULL'S "L" 600 this week! Simply fill up correctly the "Compartments" on the form below and you'll sail serenely over the heads of the envious crowd to victory. Don't be put off your course by adverse winds. Seize the opportunity at once, set your "nose" in the right direction, and it won't be long before all the world knows that your "airship" has reached "home."

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), August 21st.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 77), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 21st.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / — and the date of sending the order complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £600 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, September 4th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £600 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 9th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

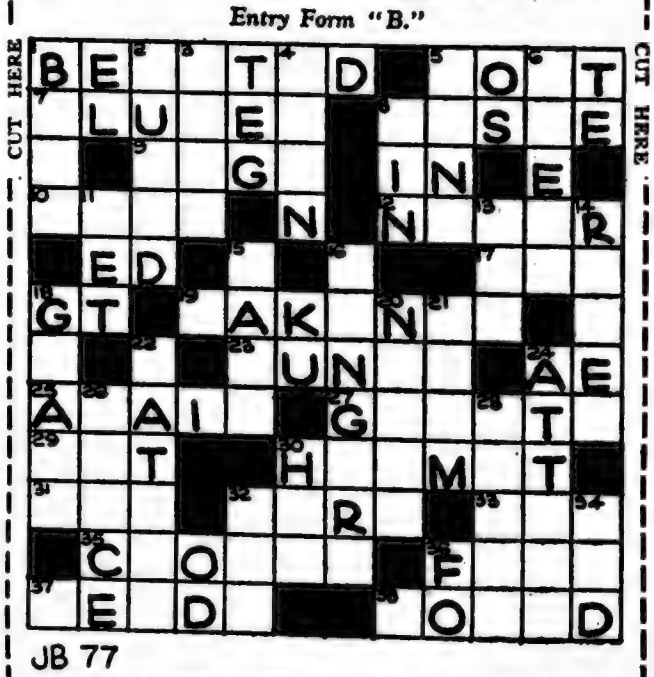
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 77

Entry Form "A."

JB 77

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 77

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....
These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 21st.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" will £600 for a correct tion on one form of Jo BULL Crossword No. 77 app ing below. Failing a cor solution, the prize will awarded to the reader wh entry is the nearest cor solution. An additional will be divided between th competitors whose solutions tain one error only, or only error more than the winn solution. Every reader has equal opportunity—no comp tor may send in more than sixpenny double entry—en fee Sixpence for TWO attemp No claims required. No ent accepted after Thursday (noo August 21st.

SOLUTION of puzzle be published in Jo BULL on sale Thursday, Aug 28th. Winner will be given JOHN BULL on sale Thursd September 4th. Result of Cr word No. 74 appears on page

Don't run the risk being late—fill in a post your coupons earl

Clues Across.

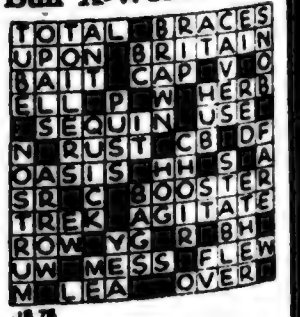
1. **Detained till late.**
5. **Mislaid.**
7. **Dodged.**
8. **Found in an office.**
9. **Wild animal is often in.**
10. **Fish do.**
12. **More recent.**
17. **Fuss.**
19. **Proceeds of gaming table.**
22. **Relating to the moon.**
25. **Take advantage of.**
27. **Very big men.**
29. **Drunkard.**
30. **Policeman's headgear.**
31. **M.P.s do—and hens.**
32. **Affected manners.**
33. **Compete with.**
35. **Shuts.**
36. **Plant.**
37. **Judged good or bad by results.**
38. **Pierced.**

Clues Down.

1. **Seen in the garden.**
2. **A story may be.**
3. **First man.**
4. **Paradise.**
5. **Narrow thoroughfare.**
6. **Spirited war horse.**
8. **Foolish punter relies on.**
11. **Very moist.**
13. **Part of verb "to be."**
14. **Actors are at home in.**
15. **We associate music with.**
16. **These produce music.**
18. **We are often advised to keep of**
20. **Found on fingers.**
21. **Small weight.**
22. **Empty talk.**
24. **Apparel.**
26. **Earns singer his living.**
28. **At no time.**
30. **Hasten.**
32. **Donkey.**
34. **Finish.**

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 75.



JB 75

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 75 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

R. C. (Hampstead).—"Last year the Tube carried over three million people." Yes, we were on that train

THE Editor Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

J. M. (York).—"Who are the men that really count to-day?" Bank clerks.

R. K. (Leeds).—"Women do all sorts of odd things." Especially to get even.

A. R. (Bow).—"When I die I want to be cremated." We have proved the efficiency of the process with your letter.

R. W. (Redcar).—"I was told that the air was fine for mice." As it doesn't catch them, it is.

OLIVE (Hatfield).—"I'm going to a fancy-dress ball as a pillar-box." You hope to draw the males.

J. G. (Swansea).—"It is proposed to name a forest after Einstein." We know of quite a number of impenetrable origins.

J. E. (Barnes).—"According to a biologist, man is older than the ape." That statement should be a cause of great relief to both.

I. P. (Poole).—"Generally speaking, opportunity knocks at everybody's door." But at a woman's it usually comes with a ring.

G. N. (Southwark).—"A 'bus conductor gave me an insolent look, as though I had not paid my fare." You should look at him as though you had.

PEEP M. (Carlisle).—"I have prepared my own meals for over five years." And no doubt she told you she could cook before you married.

L. E. (Reading).—"There's more than one way of making money." And money can likewise be lost in more ways than one.

R. N. (Chipstead).—"We are calling our new baby Bob after his mother's uncle." The poor child would have been probably nameless if it had been named after your own.

F. P. (Chatham).—"Most soldiers make excellent husbands." They are used to obeying orders.

FAN (Barnsley).—"I am sure acrobatic work is profitable." Yes, if you consider the quick turnover.

SPORT (Southsea).—"A well-known boxer has taken up fishing." What we want is a boxer who'll take up boxing.

E. N. (Kensington).—"Can you tell me how 'Ynysybwl' is pronounced?" With great difficulty.

F. R. (Mitcham).—"What is the surest way to get the best of an argument?" Don't take part in it.

A. B. (London).—"I am responsible for a sweeping reform." Have you invented a new vacuum-cleaner?

J. B. (Tulse Hill).—"I sat down at the piano and rattled off a few things." Vases and photographs?

G. N. (Douglas).—"There are lots of cats on the Isle of Man." In fact, there is no end to them.

G. M. (Dover).—"She married a man who speaks four languages." He won't need them.

F. K. (Goole).—"I'm sorry I smoked a cigar in your waiting-room." So are we.

B. Y. (Swansea).—"It's easy to put a little money in the bank every week." The difficulty is to leave it there.

P. S. (Darlington).—"I see lots of girls to-day with sad faces." A good match would light them up.

S. P. (Golder's Green).—"Many people are now converted to rink skating." But there's a lot of backsliding.

SCIENTIST (Harrow).—"Plants have feelings." Amateur gardeners are now bragging of their good-hearted cabbages.

J. D. M. (Leeds).—"Some owner-drivers make their cars last for years." Others let their wives drive.

A. L. (Uppingham).—"I keep nearly a score of guinea-pigs." So you can call a directors' meeting when you like.

A. P. (Poole).—"When I am dead people will realise what I have done for art." Don't worry. You'll be safe then.

J. D. S. (Dundee).—"Picture-dealers advance very slowly in business." Well, their work is bound to be hung up a good deal.

ARCHITECT (Norwood).—"There is no need to describe bad architectural designs." There are too many concrete examples to be seen around us.

A. N. (St. Albans).—"An Australian cricketer regrets he has never seen a snowstorm." But we can't guarantee one every English summer.

G. M. C. (Northampton).—"To a man on my wages the seaside seems a thousand miles away." It's no further than page 35. Turn to our big Holiday Offer—and turn to!

P. N. (Iver).—"Women are more reckless drivers than men." The trouble is that they cause considerable confusion by sometimes going in the direction they signal.

M. K. (Hayes).—"Telephones are to be installed in Middlesex schools." Children are already rehearsing gruff tones so that they can ring up and say they aren't coming to school, and that it's father speaking.

S. P. (Wareham).—"In these dole days, can you point to any industrious workers?" Well, french polishers are shining examples.

R. G. (City).—"World wars should be run by business men." Then they wouldn't let us have another war until we had paid for the last.

C. H. (Wigan).—"There are thirteen million finger-prints recorded by the police." That's another organisation that is not short of hands.

T. J. (Westcliff).—"Few men wake up to find themselves famous." And if they do, it proves that they haven't been asleep.

MISS W. (Ramsgate).—"At any rate, I'll give him credit for buying me a nice engagement-ring." Perhaps that's what the jeweller gave him, too.

D. F. (St. Neots).—"I have only to open my mouth and my wife becomes hysterical." The remedy lies with you; keep your mouth closed.

T. M. (Kilmarnock).—"The average father of a family slaves away for fifty weeks in the year, and then goes to the seaside for the rest." But not the rest he thinks he's going for.

MAC (Aberdeen).—"There's a permanent job offered to a man with a hundred pounds. What will the permanent job be?" Getting back a hundred pounds.

D. B. (Bude).—"I have every respect for Young Stribling." Wise man!

J. D. E. (Lossiemouth).—"It took me a long time to come to this conclusion." Yes, but we're very thankful.

T. F. (St. Helens).—"I hate stopping in all day." We wish Don Bradman was like that.

C. B. (Hastings).—"Some people make fortunes out of shellfish." Mostly doctors.

H. B. (Ken Wood).—"I had my picture in the paper." Were you cured of something?

TOBACCONIST (Leith).—"It is a mistake to light cigars a second time." It is a mistake to light some cigars at all.

H. M. (Penge).—"Recently a man was arrested on his way to get married." Most bridegrooms, however, are not granted a last-minute reprieve like this.

P. N. (Edmonton).—"Prisoners are now allowed to indulge in sports." But not cross-country running or paper-chases.

A. G. (Newcastle).—"I'm sorry for having written at such length, but wish to make myself quite clear. Please just reply yes or no." Yes or no what?

A. B. (Peacehaven).—"I furnished on easy-payment terms and everything was carried out perfectly." Even bailiffs are human.

E. R. (Southend).—"In spite of what people say, we women have not equal chances with men. This age is pitiless." What age are you?

D. R. B. (Bath).—"At my boy's school sports the fathers were blindfolded and made to race to the top of a steep hill." Blind man's puff.

W. M. (Hull).—"When the grouse season starts I am going to shoot at a friend's house." That should be easier to hit.

T. M. D. (Leeds).—"Italian lion-tamers have formed a trade union." Let's hope they never get the order to down tools when they are in the middle of their job.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

SURREY COMET:—"The fourth death was that of a young MOTOR-CYCLE."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"The *Quest* is equipped for a thorough survey with the assistance of aeroplanes, fast MOTOR-GOATS."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"The FOUNDATION-STONE of the new church TOLLED THE BELL UNTIL SHE WAS LET OUT."

SUNDAY MAIL:—"It is difficult for a mare or a sow to look after more than one foal or CALF at a time."

BURNLEY NEWS:—"Supt. ——— said that prisoner entered L ——'s shop and had a conversation with the SHOES."

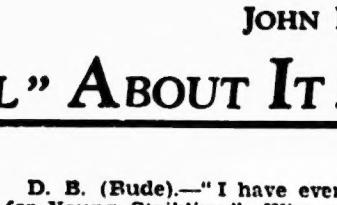
"THE CRIME" (Novel):—"Mrs. Beeter, after a prolonged wait, and an exhausting cough, picked up her ANGRY shoes."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"All the BRIDES wore brooches, the gift of the bridegroom."

CALGARY DAILY HERALD:—"Mars is a star so far off that it would take a million years to WALK there in an EXPRESS TRAIN."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Situations Wanted—Men. Ass Manager."

READING MERCURY:—"The bride and bridegroom left for the honeymoon, which is being spent motoring to Devon, in a BLUE FLOWERED CREPE-DE-CHINE DRESS AND BLUE MAROCAIN COAT WITH A BEIGE STITCHED LINEN HAT."



BLANFORDS WAY—MEANS EASY TO PAY!

WONDERFUL VALUE

THE NEW FASHIONABLE

LADIES' AUTUMN TWEED COATS

FOR 2/- DOWN

READ THIS FIRST.

We not only want your custom for to-day. We want it for to-morrow and always.

We are so pleased with the cloth and production of this coat, we are sure that once you have tested the value of this offer you will repeat your order each Season. You will not wear this Coat out, and only after you have had the pleasure of wearing it for a considerable time will you grow tired of it.

Made up of good quality hard-wearing Tweeds. Designed and tailored by experts. Cut on the most fashionable lines. Lined throughout best Silkateen. Guaranteed not to fade, in shades of New Beige, New Brown, Lovat, New Stone, New Blue, and Grey. Price 29/11. 48 in., 50 in., O.S. and X.O.S. 5/- extra.

These Coats are worth double the price we are charging. Send 2/- (no further payment required until you have had the Coat one month) and agree to pay 5/- per month. Also send your length and bust measure and the colour required, and we will send you this wonderful Coat on seven days' approbation. If not satisfied, return it, and we will refund your deposit. Goods carriage paid.

FULL PRICE 29/11

We can supply you with anything you want. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue or call at our Showrooms.

John Blanford (DEPT. J.B.X.), 1, 3 & 5, BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

Showrooms open 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursday 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

You can order with confidence anything you see advertised here, as every offer is covered by JOHN BULL'S well-known guarantee of satisfaction or Money Back in full

FLOOR COVERING 90 SQ. FT. 15/-

The NEW DAMP & ROTPROOF FELT BASE

Beautiful Enamel Finish Linoleum Effects. Suitable for all Floors. Tile, Turkey, Floral, Bedroom and Parquetry designs. Lies flat, requires no fastening. All rolls two yards wide. FREE SAMPLES of many beautiful designs in colour on receipt of a card.

J. ROLLS & CO.,
86, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.

BABY-CLOTHES

A COMPLETE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE 30/-

75 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS.

Best Emb. Robes, R'alips, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, Silk & Wool Shawl, Wrapper Vests, L'cloth or Flan. Nighties, Binders, Long Back Flannels (Barras or Beds) Pilches, Wool Knitted Mat, Coats, Bibs, Terry Napkins, etc. Perfectly home-made and ready for use. **WORTH 85.** Expectant Mothers, send to me before attempting to make. **A BARGAIN RECOMMENDED BY THOUSANDS OF DELIGHTED MOTHERS AND NURSES.** Call, or send 2/- for parcel on approval (Bal. Cash or Terms).—**Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.**

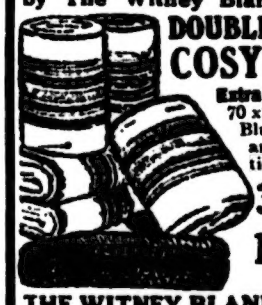
NERVOUSNESS

There is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. If you are a victim of this distressing disorder; if you are nervous and shy; if you blush and stammer when spoken to; if you feel awkward and embarrassed in company, here is a real chance to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you. A remarkably interesting booklet explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers sending 3d. Write at once in confidence to:

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.69), 40, LAMBS CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

GREAT HOLIDAY SEASON OFFER
by The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd.,

DOUBLE BED SUPER COSY BLANKETS



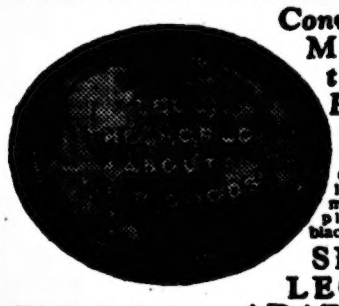
Extra Heavy. (Size about 70 x 90 ins.) White with Blue Border. Will wear and give great satisfaction. **SUPER BARGAIN**

3 COSY BLANKETS 1 FANCY BED RUG for 20/- Carr. Paid.

THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., Dept. 30, Butter Cross Works, WITNEY.

WONDERSIGNS

Convey your Message to the Passer-by



Changed or re-arranged in a moment. Clean cut raised letters highly magnetised on plain, grey or black background.

SIMPLE LEGIBLE ADAPTABLE RELIABLE

Write for Catalogue to **WONDERSIGNS, (Dept. J.2), Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1**

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Wistful Eyes—

"I HAVE never had much luck ever since I have been married. But I have a good husband who would never see us want for anything. If he can earn a shilling, he will earn it. He is well respected wherever he goes."

This spontaneous testimonial to her husband's worth was given by Daisy's mother when she came to the fund in distress because Daisy, who is ten years old, had not the necessary little outfit to answer the requirements of the seaside convalescent home which offered her the chance of restoration to health after a severe attack of measles and scarlet fever.

"Now happy at at the sea"

The amount earned by Daisy's father as a casual labourer averages 30s. a week.

As Daisy is the eldest of five children, and a rental of 12s. has to be met each week, there are not many shillings available for clothes for the kiddies, to say nothing of a special rig-out.

Thanks to our subscribers who each week help the fund, Daisy is now happy at the sea.

But she has a little sister, seven years old, and three little brothers, aged six, five and three. The youngest has been weak from birth, and has just come out of hospital after an attack of diphtheria. All the children have suffered this year from measles and chicken-pox.

"They must have extra food," says their mother, adding despairingly, "but it is no good. I cannot get what they want."

This family's circumstances are typical of many where the father earns scanty wages—never sufficient to cover such extra expenses as sickness and ill-luck bring.

They are independent of parish relief, and in times of special stress turn wistful eyes to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, which gladly helps when our readers send us the means.

All subscriptions, which are badly needed, should be addressed to: The Hon. Secretary, "The Greatest of These—" Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. Burnett (Raffles), 2s. 6d.; "Mary Ellen" (Horsham), 5s.; K. M., £3; Anon. (Middlesbrough), 4½d.; Mother, 1s. 6d.; E. C. (Plumstead), 5s.; Thos. Griffiths (Harrogate), 2s. 6d.; A. R. R. (Leith), 6s. 8d.; Len (Moreton), 1s.; Hevings (Grimsby), 1s.; John, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Oakshott (Wimbledon Park), 1s.; B., 5s.; W. Finlayson (Manchester), 6d.; Anon. (Preston), 2s. 6d.; "Sympathizer," 2s.; O. J. P., 2s. 6d.; Grateful for a Holiday, 2s. 6d.; One Ninth, 1s. 2d.; E. M. Beckett (West Ham), 6s. 6d.; Ruth A. Reece (Sharpness), 6d.; H. N. Elson, 6d.; S. L., 2s.; Miss E. M. Evans (Llandaff), 6d.; J. Richmond (Reading), 1s.; G. Sidcombe (Tooting), 2s.; Anon., 2s.; C. H. Vanest (Canada), 4s. 2d.; F. F. (Swindon), 10s.; "?" (Acton), 9d.; A. Ninth (Coventry), 3d.; H. T. C. (Upper Edmonton), 6d.; G. G., 2s. 6d.; W. I. H. H. J., 8s.; Kitty and Cyril, 2s.; A. Nightingale, 2s.; "Thankful" (Wallingford), 5s.; Syd (Coventry), 5s.; H. Sincair (Whalley Range), 5s.; A. Hardie (Langside), 1s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. H. McDonald (Keswick); In Memory of K. E. M. H. O. P. (2); Mrs. Clayton; B. B.; H. V. (Paignton); Cashless (trinkets).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Now then, young Bradman!"

A treacherous pitch. "John Bull" pays more Children's Benefits

HOW they sigh for a pitch like the Oval or Lord's! Instead, they must be content with a wicket pitched in the street. And when Bill hits a "sixer," the fieldsman is often in danger of being run ov by a bus or c whilst retrievi the ball.

No wonder "Joh Bull" pays so many cheques fo Children's Accidents which happen i street, school playground, or par

CHILDREN'S BENEFITS—£3 each

We give below the names of a few readers only who have received Children's Benefits recently.

MAESTEG, GLAM.—Mrs. E. Keane, 4, Jenkins Row.
NR. BURNLEY, LANCS.—W. C. Ridings, Meadow Bank, Wheatley Lane.
CAMBORNE, CORNWALL.—T. H. Nicholls, 32, Pendarves St., Beacon.
NOTTINGHAM.—W. Morris, 3, Seeley Cotts., Fisher St., Hyson Green.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—J. Beedham, 34, Leslie Gards.
OXFORD.—Mrs. E. M. Benning, The Poplars, Warborough.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. D. E. Neal, 1/70, Lee Bank Rd., Edgbaston.
BY FALKIRK.—Mrs. M. Ferguson, 88, Dock Street, Carronshore.
STOCKPORT.—Jas. Mason, 49, Swann St., Portland.
BARNSTAPLE, DEVON.—Mrs. A. Richards, 3, Carrington Terr., Yeo Vale.
NR. CANTERBURY, KENT.—F. Stevenson, 110, King's Rd., Aylesham.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. V. Tait, 167, Commercial Rd., Byker.
MOTHERWELL.—J. Kennedy, Clydesdale Ho., Wishaw Back Rd.
LEICESTER.—W. Makepeace, 2, Cromwell St.
BIRMINGHAM.—A. Hales, 11, Coronation Pl., Aston Lane, Aston.
NEWARK.—J. B. Ward, 2, Dukes Row, Parliament St.
LEICESTER.—C. E. Siddons, 21, York Rd.
DUKINFIELD, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. M. E. Lse, 46, Brunswick St.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. A. Firth, Greys St., Birkenshaw.
HORNSEY RISE, N.19.—A. J. Allen, 279, Hornsey Rd.
WEALDSTONE, MIDDX.—Mrs. Creighton, 23, Avondale Rd.
BETHNAL GREEN, E.2.—J. Levene, 102, Hare St.
PAISLEY, N.B.—F. McFarla 170, George St.
NR. HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.—Mrs. A. Wooster, Circley R West Wycombe.
BATLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. McManus, 308, Peel St.
WEST KILBURN, N.W.6.—M. E. Joyce, 1, Denma Gards.
RAMSEY, HUNTS.—H. W. Houch 80, The Avenue.
BY WISHAW.—M. McNeill. Main St., Newmains.
MIDDLETON-ON-WOLDS, E. YORKS.—A. Duggleby, "South View.
MANCHESTER.—H. Chadwick, Car Bank Ave., Atherton.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" Covers You Free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 16/8/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent

.....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 16/8/30.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"WRITES PERFECTLY."

"Just a few words about your wonderful offer of 'John Bull' Pens. I am very pleased to have received such a reliable Pen. It writes perfectly. I can find no fault whatever. I could wish for nothing better."

Mr. M. Pilkington, 49, New Street, Easton, Portland, Dorset.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

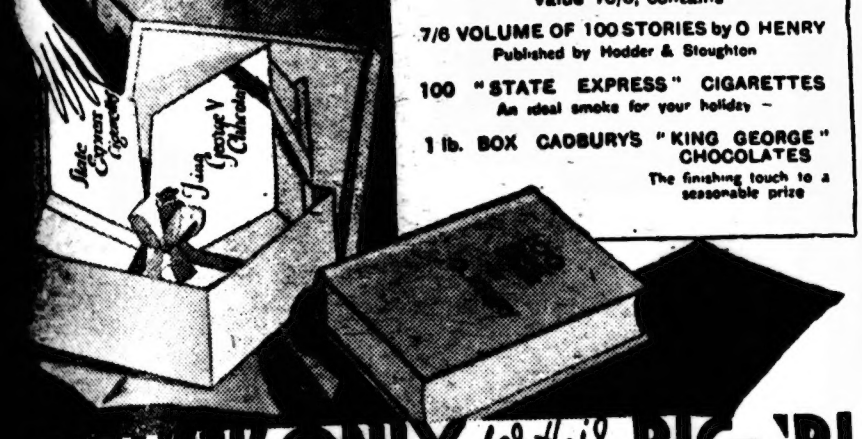
For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

250 HOLIDAY PARCELS and 50 HOLIDAY CHEQUES



Each
HOLIDAY PARCEL
Value 16/6, contains
7/6 VOLUME OF 100 STORIES by O HENRY
Published by Hodder & Stoughton
100 "STATE EXPRESS" CIGARETTES
An ideal smoke for your holiday —
1 lb. BOX CADBURYS "KING GEORGE" CHOCOLATES
The finishing touch to a seasonable prize

£300

2ND PRIZE **£50** 3RD PRIZE **£25**

500 OF 2/6
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

2 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £2·10

ONE WEEK ONLY for this BIG 'BULLETS' OFFER!

BE QUICK FOR A HOLIDAY PRIZE!

IN our sensational series of Holiday Offers, now drawing to a close, this week's novel prize-list stands alone. Something quite new in *Bullets* awards awaits you in the special Holiday Parcels which we have prepared for the enjoyment of 250 competitors. Each of these seasonable parcels contains a big 1,140-page volume of short stories by O. Henry, a box of 100 "State Express" cigarettes, and a 1lb. box of Cadbury's "King George" chocolates—just the three things which everybody wants at holiday times. Accompanying this big new attraction are 50 substantial Holiday Cheques ranging from £300 down to £2 10s., and any of these prizes may be yours for a good *Bullet*.

Any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment added to any of the *Examples* on this page constitute a *Bullet*. Suppose you choose the *Example* SPIRITED AWAY, the addition of the words "SHILLINGS" or "PROFITEERS" or "TRICKS" would complete a typical *Bullet*, but do not use this specimen.

Be quick with your entry—Saturday, August 23 is the closing date!

250 WINNERS OF BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES

FIRST PRIZE OF £400, COMPETITION No. 768.

Mr. E. T. Morton, Holmlea, Balerno, Midlothian.
Example:—WISE WORKER
Bullet:—DONE WITH "DOWN WITH——"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50

Mrs. L. S. Millington, 13, Valliers Wood Road, Sidcup, Kent.
Example: A Clarion Call
Bullet—Impossible From "Broken Reed."—

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. J. Brown, 67, Frith Road, Leytonstone, E.
Example—Mass Production
Bullet—Click—Thud—Bang—Motor!

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. T. Herrod, 8, Skegby Road, Annesley, Woodhouse, Notts.
Example:—Wise Worker
Bullet:—Keeping "Time"—And "Harmony."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. J. Barker, "Sunnyside," Croft, near Leicester.
Example:—Astonishing Feat
Bullet.—Sky-writing—Till Rainbow Appears.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

5 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

R. BARTON, 35, Cobden Road, Chesterfield.
Clipping Our Wings—Punching Return Holiday Ticket
W. BUSH, Chestnut Cottage, Brook Street, Brentwood, Essex.
Man With Brains—Fills Gap—Fools Gape.
R. CLAYTON, Rock Cottage, Bold, nr. Widnes.
In Public Life—"Stones" Hurled—Afterwards, Erected.
Mrs. A. WALSH, 10, Park Street, Harpurhey.
Clipping Our Wings — Then "Flying Away." Children.
J. D. WILLIAMS, "Homelands," 104, Montpellier Road, Roath Park, Cardiff.
Unity—We're Lacking—'Ware Licking!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. G. ANDREWS, 41, Madeira Road, Portsmouth.
A Clarion Call—Coin Tinkled In Aberdeen.
T. BESANT, 34, Walcot Road, Swindon.
Plain Jane—Some Holidaymakers Imagine Britannia.
R. H. BUNNING, 6a, Gedling Grove, Nottingham.
If I'm Not Mistaken—About Women, Epstein Is!
E. LEES, 9, King's Avenue, Ealing, W.
War On Unemployment—Will "Crusaders" "Sack" Westminster?
Mrs. E. A. ROSEBURY, 8, Napier Street East, Oldham, Lancs.
Into The World—Barefooted—Life Supplies "Socks."
Mrs. N. SIMPKIN, c/o 4, Tyne Terrace, North Shields.
Man With Brains—Yet Inventor's Often Fooled.
T. TURNER, 182, Wymering Mansions, London, W.9.
Bursting With Pride—Collar-stud Espies Departing Eight-forty.
F. TYSON, 6, Railway Terrace, Newby Bridge, Ulverston, Lancs.
Common Justice — Except "Otherwise Herein Provided——."
J. URE, 15a, Hill Street, Garnethill, Glasgow.
Left Standing—British Heavyweight—Bus Full.
H. WHITTAKER, How Caple, Hereford.
Wise Worker — Boss "Behind Him" Differently.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 100 Holiday Volume, 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Advance details for "Bullets" Competition No. 772.

Increased First Prize of £350—Second, £50—Third, £25—20 Holiday Prizes of £6—30 of £5—50 of £2 10s.—500 of 2s. 6d.—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Round The Empire—Seems Ages—Starving Industry—Coming And Going—Human Gramophone—Miss Clever—Down In His Constituency—Hidden—She Imagines—Pleasant Surprise—Decidedly—The Point Is—Girl With A Smile—Depressing—Helping Others—Seat On The Embankment—Crop of Failures—Good Customer — Beginning Modestly—Going To The Devil—Carelessness—At The Christening —Almost Certain—Could Be Done—Pays Best —To Win—Off Came His Coat And—Playing Together — Student Of Nature — Boy With Ambition—Enduring—Making A Firm Stand.

(Closing Saturday, August 30.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 771

A GOOD OMEN
THE LAST MAN IN
SPIRITED AWAY
UPHILL WORK
FOR THE PUBLIC
GUIDING HAND
HOLIDAY SPIRIT
MAKES LANDLADY SMILE
NOT FOR PUBLICATION
TOO LONG
STARVED OF AFFECTION
GIRL AT THE OFFICE
MORE PROGRESS
EVEN
DISMISSED
READY FOR ANYTHING
WONDERFULLY EFFECTIVE
WELCOME BREAK
FINE SPECIMEN
UNHAPPY
PARADISE FOR TWO
WITHOUT DELAY
MAN IN CHARGE
IN BRIEF
AWAITING DEVELOPMENTS
SURPRISE FOR THE TRIPPER
CULTIVATING A THIRST
WRAPPED IN MYSTERY
LEAVING
WORTH THOUSANDS
DANGEROUS FOR CHILDREN
"CONGRATULATIONS!"

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 23
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(771) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 23
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(771) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 23
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(771) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 23
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(771) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 771, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £350 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 767 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Vincent, The Parade, Priory Road, Dartford, Kent.

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your names and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Prizes in Competition No. 771 have purchased "John Bull."

£350 AND FINAL HOLIDAY PRIZES! NEXT WEEK

PLAYERS always have placed and always will place QUALITY before everything else.

It's the Tobacco that Counts

10 for 6D.

20 for 11½D.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

N.C.C.893b

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